# The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

## NEWS NOTES.

We feel that it would be impossible to deal in any adequate manner with the Life and Work of Mr. Ruskin in the present issue. We have therefore decided to make the March issue of "The Bookman" a Special

**RUSKIN MEMORIAL NUMBER.**

The issue will contain a number of articles on Mr. Ruskin by the greatest living authorities, and will be fully illustrated throughout.

Dr. Conan Doyle will, we hear, sail for South Africa about the end of the first week of this month.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. now have the whole of the MS. of Dean Farrar's "Fresh Studies in the Life of Christ," and the book may be expected at an early date. It will be published simultaneously in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., of New York.

Mr. Bret Harte is reported to be about to write a new series of "condensed novels" for a well-known American magazine.

We understand that Dr. Martineau left behind him ample material for a full biography in the form of journals and letters.

Before he left for South Africa, Mr. G. W. Steevens had completely re-written his articles on London, which, it will be remembered, appeared some time ago in the *Daily Mail*. It is expected that the articles will be published in book form very shortly.

"The Gateless Barrier" is the title of a new novel which Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) will publish with Messrs. Methuen and Co. this spring.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Richard Whiteing has practically recovered from the severe attack of influenza by which he has been confined to his house for some little time.

Miss Fiona Macleod will issue early next month a volume of stories through Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "A Divine Adventure, and Other Stories." The title story appeared in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*.

Mr. W. L. Alden has returned from his trip to Egypt, and has now settled down for the remainder of the winter in Florence.

A new and revised edition of Mr. Traill's "The New Lucian" will be issued next month. It will contain a number of unpublished dialogues.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's new novel, "The Minx," will be published in book form at an early date by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. It will be issued simultaneously in America by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Co.

Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, "The Maker of Nations," will be issued in book form in the course of the spring. Mr. Boothby has recently completed the MS. of a new novel, which, we understand, will in the first instance be published serially in *Cassell's Magazine*.

The publication of Miss Ada Cambridge's new novel, "Path and Goal," has been postponed until the early autumn. Messrs. Methuen and Co. are to be the publishers.

In Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington" reference is frequently made to Monsieur Henry Houssaye's remarkable work on Waterloo, which has come to be considered by specialists as probably the most correct and most detailed work on the subject. We understand that a translation of "Waterloo" is shortly to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has a new novel ready treating of London life, but Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will not produce it until the war has ceased to monopolise the interest of the reading public.

Mr. Charles Neufeldt, whose autobiography was one of the most successful books of last autumn, is at present lecturing in Germany, where he is being received with the greatest enthusiasm. In a letter to a friend he writes that after his first lecture he was presented "with a laurel wreath decorated with patriotic colours and large enough to cover an Indian elephant." A translation of Mr. Neufeldt's book is shortly to appear in Germany, and very large orders are being booked in advance.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, whose writings upon France have attained a wide popularity in the United States and in this country, and whose work on behalf of French education is so well known, has just completed a new work, entitled "France since 1814," which will be published in book form by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in the near future. The work is based on a series of articles which appeared recently in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, whose marriage took place last month, is taking up residence near Epping Forest. Amongst the

*From Photo by]* MR. G. W. STEEVENS. *[The Swan Engraving Co.*
*From the Painting of the Hon. John Collier. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.*

By the kind permission of the Hon. John Collier, we are enabled to reproduce this month the latest portrait of Mr. G. W. Steevens. The original painting was exhibited in last year's Academy, and is universally admitted to be a splendid likeness.

Mr. William Buchan, a younger brother of Mr. John Buchan, has contributed two short stories to recent numbers of *Chambers's Journal*, where his brother's "John Burnet of Barns" first appeared. Like him, he writes of Scottish scenes on Tweedside. One of the stories, "Comedy on the Moors," tells with some gusto a Peeblesshire shepherd's poaching experience.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Hugh Maclauchlan, assistant-editor of the *Star* from 1892 to 1898. Few successful journalists were held in such general and such affectionate esteem, and Mr. Maclauchlan was most certainly a successful journalist, accomplished and experienced. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Maclauchlan, author of "The Early Scottish Church," and was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University. After editing various provincial papers he came to the *Star*, and was an active influence in its development till the failure of his health in 1898.

We are indebted to Mrs. Freiligrath Krocker, an intimate friend of Mr. Blackmore, for the interesting portrait which appears on another page. The following characteristic note from the author of "Lorna Doone" accompanied the portrait:—"It was very kind o you to send the picturesque and pretty little vignette. I will send you one in return if it can be found—an old lump of a countenance like an ancient apple tree."

We are afraid that Mr. Steevens's novel, "John King,' upon which he had been at work for a long time, was not completed at the time of his death. He had mapped out his book thoroughly, and had prepared a careful synopsis, but very little was actually written. There is some talk of a collected edition of Mr. Steevens's writings, which will include the little known "Monologues of the Dead" and a number of fugitive papers which have not before been published in book form.

"Tristram of Blent," the new novel upon which Mr. Anthony Hope is engaged, will appear serially in *McClure's Magazine*. It will probably not be published in book form until next year.

Mr. Arthur Morrison has completed a new novel which will shortly be issued. It deals with life in Essex, and is said by those who have read it to be in a much more cheerful vein than anything that Mr. Morrison has written before.

Messrs. Blackwood have almost ready for publication a new volume of short stories by Mr. Bernard Capes, whose popularity is steadily increasing.

Mr. Grant Richards will issue shortly a novel by Mr. Booth Tarkington, entitled "The Gentleman from Indiana." Mr. Tarkington is a new writer, and this is his

wedding presents which the bride and bridegroom received was a handsome clock from the *Strand Magazine*.

Mrs. A. S. Boyd's book of travels, to be published by Messrs. Blackwood shortly, will be called "A Stolen Summer." A few specimen chapters are appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Both Lord Rosebery and Mr. S. R. Crockett have read the Rev. Roderick Lawson's privately printed "Reminiscences of the late Robert Wallace, M.P.," with great interest, the latter confessing to having done so at a sitting. This is not the first time that Mr. Lawson, late of the parish church, Maybole, Ayrshire, has written about his old friend. In his delightful little volume of anecdote and reminiscence entitled "A Minister's Life," published by Parlane, Paisley, there is a chapter upon Mr. Wallace. The present little pamphlet is fuller, and contains the most thorough and kindly estimate of Mr. Wallace as yet published. Mr. Lawson knew him with some degree of intimacy from the time that he was minister of Newton-on-Ayr till his tragic death in London last June. Mr. Lawson saw Dr. Wallace on the evening of the day that Norman Macleod made his memorable speech on Missions before the General Assembly after his return from India. When Lawson spoke of Macleod's appeal to "pierce the centre," Wallace stopped him, and said, "And what did Macleod mean by piercing the centre?" Lawson explained that the fallen were to be raised, and the world blessed in every way. "Well," said Wallace, "Macleod and I might differ on that point, for I think the principal work of the Church is to search out the Truth and declare it."

first book. "The Gentleman from Indiana" was an immediate success in America. Over 20,000 copies have been sold within a few months. Mr. Grant Richards will also publish Mr. Frank Norris's new novel, "Blix." Mr. Norris has made a distinct hit in America with his stories of San Francisco life. His "McTeague" is among the most successful books of the season.

Mr. Neil Munro is at work upon a new novel, which will probably be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood. It will contain much more incident and story than any of Mr. Munro's previous writings. The scene is laid in Jacobite times.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Little Ella Mark," which Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue in this country, is to be published in America by the Doubleday McClure Company under the new title of "The Isle of the Winds." Mr. Crockett's "Black Douglas" has proved to be the most successful of his books in America since "The Raiders."

A book which is likely to sell widely at the present time will shortly be published by Messrs. Simpkins. The author is the Rev. J. H. Bovill, late Archbishop of Delagoa Bay, and the title, "Natives under the Transvaal Flag."

We give this month a portrait of Dr. C. W. Doyle, whose work, especially "The Taming of the Jungle," has been exceedingly popular in the United States, and is gradually becoming more widely known in this country. Dr. Doyle knows India well, for he was born in the shadow of the Himalayas, and lived at Calcutta for many years. For some time he studied and afterwards practised medicine in England, and he is now a doctor in California.

DR. C. W. DOYLE.

It has been a black month for letters. Ruskin, Martineau, Blackmore, Steevens, Tirebuck, and Canon Dixon—a terrible list. In our next number we hope to deal adequately with the life and work of Mr. Ruskin. Articles will be found in the present issue on Dr. Martineau and Mr. Blackmore. Of Mr. Steevens's work little remains to be said. The daily papers have all written of him in the fullest manner, indeed his tragic death caused more sensation than that of either Mr. Ruskin or Mr. Blackmore. It has been said that Mr. Steevens's life was wasted in journalism, but with this we cannot agree. His work in introducing a new element into reporting and special correspondence will certainly live. He died full of promise, but still with a fine record of work accomplished.

Mr. Elkin Mathews, the well-known publisher, who published Mr. Blackmore's interesting little volume of poems, "Fringilla," and who was on terms of great intimacy with the author of "Lorna Doone," has been kind enough to send us the following interesting reminiscences:—

"I have very pleasant memories of visits to Teddington. A more genial and hospitable host than Mr. Blackmore one could not have. On one occasion more than four years ago he wrote, 'If you dine early on the day of your visit, we might have an addendum about 8 o'clock.' I remember one item of that 'addendum'—it was an apple-pie. Mr. Blackmore turned to me and said, 'I want you to appreciate the flavour of these apples; they are from my own raising, and on account of their splendid colour I call them "Sunrise" after my friend William Black's novel.'

"There was an irresistible fascination about Mr. Blackmore, which, perhaps, came out most strongly in his letters. In them he would let himself go in a most amusing way. He enjoyed having a good-humoured dig at anybody and anything he was out of sympathy with. He used to say he was nothing if not sensible; in other words, he was old-fashioned in his tastes. With regard to the 'get-up' of 'Fringilla,' he left it to me, and I was not aware of his dislike for what he called the 'Kelmscott Star of Bedlam' style of a book until after I had made my arrangements. When, in his characteristic way, he railed against the Japanese willow-pattern, dado, linoleum, Lin Crusta Walton style of illustration, declaring that he liked a tree to be a tree, 'and not a broken gridiron, and a man to stand as the sons of Adam do, and not with his heels together like the knave of clubs,' etc., I referred to the grand books Mr. Morris was giving the world as an excuse for what I was doing, he at once replied, 'I care not what Mr. William Morris does, for I think his books are as hideous as his wall papers.'

"However, he got to like my edition better as time went on, partly because his American publisher's edition of 'Fringilla' surpassed mine in 'trimmings.' 'His book is infinitely more hideous than yours, though that might have appeared impossible!' And he was even sorry that he had overruled my judgment by insisting upon having specimens of the work of a second artist in the volume, and thus spoiling the unity of the book.

"The authorship of the motto to 'Fringilla' puzzled not a few of the critics; one ventured shrewdly that the writer was Blacmorius Anglicus, pointing out that one of the words in it would have been a bold invention for a Roman poet, but when the same critic spoke of a false quantity, Mr. Blackmore, who, like the late Lord Coleridge, was proud of his Oxford learning, was up in arms. The critic said the first 'a' in 'pipitabunda' should be, as an old schoolmaster would say, 'as long as your arm.' 'Quite wrong,' wrote Mr. Blackmore in margin of a cutting he sent me, 'as short as a baby's nose.'

"The prologue to 'Fringilla,' entitled 'To my Pen,' is dated 1854, and the epilogue, 'To Fame,' 1894. The first date marks his first appearance as an author with his Poems by Melanter, published by Saunders and Ottly. The late Rev. Arthur Robins was, I believe, a member of the firm at that time. In 1855 'Epullia and other Poems' appeared, and in 1860 he published 'The Fate of Franklin.' He translated Virgil's Georgics in 1871, and then, until 1894, no more poetry came from his pen, save a 'Carmen Britannicum,' a fine, spirited British song, a translation of which he sent to the *Publishers' Circular* on 'Dominion Day,' 1897."

On another page will be found a short account of Mr. H. G. Bohn, the founder of the Libraries, of which nearly three million volumes have, we believe, been sold. Perhaps the most popular volume in the Libraries is the translation of Goethe's "Faust," of which something like eighty thousand copies have been sold. Indeed, the translations are perhaps the most popular volumes in the series, Carey's "Dante" selling to the extent of over fifteen thousand copies.

We draw the attention of our readers to the announcement of the new *British Weekly* edition of Bohn's Library which will be found on another page. It will be seen that purchasers may select any hundred or fifty volumes from the complete list, and we feel sure that this special offer will meet with a ready response from all who wish to add really standard works to their libraries.

## THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

### (1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 11TH, 1899, TO JANUARY 18TH, 1900.

The War has had a very injurious effect upon the trade during the whole of this season, and although the sales of works treating upon South Africa, such as Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within," Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," Theal's "South Africa," have been, with many minor works upon the situation, in constant demand, it is evident that the money usually expended upon the higher class of gift-books, such for instance as the various art publications, has found its way into other channels. Very noticeable was the absence of that intense strain which is usually necessary in order to cope with the demand during the few weeks immediately preceding Christmas.

Fiction has probably suffered the least, and large sales have been effected in "Red Pottage" by Miss Cholmondeley, which still leads the way. "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" continues to be very popular. There has not, however, been any abundance of great works during the past season, and, indeed, many publishers are holding back until more settled times.

Children's books have not found so ready a sale as in former years, probably because the present style has been overdone, many of them having become too grotesque.

During the past few weeks there has been an increased demand for the works of Charles Dickens, and some very dainty editions have appeared, notably in the New Century Library.

A slight revival in the issue of the sixpenny reprints has again taken place, but it is very doubtful if it will form such an important item in the bookseller's stock as during the past year. "Jess," by Rider Haggard, has, however, been very popular, evidently because of its bearing upon the Boer question.

The first indications of the re-opening of the schools are now apparent, and the many beautifully illustrated readers for the young are a leading feature in the new system of education. Meiklejohn's Scholastic Publications are deservedly popular, but they are followed closely by so numerous a host of competitors that it is impossible to say which take the lead.

There are no new magazines of importance to chronicle with the appearance of the New Year, and it would appear that the old favourites will have the field to themselves. *Pall Mall*, *Harper's*, *Harmsworth's*, and the *Strand* are still as popular as ever.

The following is a list of the works which are most in demand at the present time :—

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Stalky and Co. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
South Africa of To-day. By Capt. F. Younghusband. 6s. (Macmillan.)
South Africa. By G. McC. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)
The Human Boy. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Methuen.)
Dr. Parker: An Autobiography. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Paolo and Francesca. By S. Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
How (Bp. Walsham): Memoir. By his Son. 6s. (Isbister.)
Via Crucis. By Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Jess. By Rider Haggard. 3s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
West (Sir Algernon): Recollections. 2 vols. 21s. (Smith, Elder.)
A Corner of the West. By E. H. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Majuba, etc. By H. Hendry. 2s. (Richards.)
Modern Weapons and Modern Warfare. By J. S. Bloch. 6s. (Richards.)
The 3s. 6d. edition of Edna Lyall's Works. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Impressions of S. Africa. By J. Bryce. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Peel (Sir Robert). By Lord Rosebery. 2s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Miranda of the Balcony. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Hazell's Annual, 1900. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Our Navy for 1000 Years. By Capt. Eardley Wilmot. 6s. (Low.)
Buller (Sir Redvers): Life. By W. Jerrold. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge)
The Slave. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Little Novels of Italy. By H. Hewlett. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Gilian the Dreamer. By Neil Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
Princess Xenia. By H. B. M. Watson. 6s. (Harper.)
Twelve Notable Good Women of the Nineteenth Century. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Under the Sjambok. By G. H. Russell. 6s. (Murray.)
My Lady Frivol. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Scarlet Woman. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By F. H. Burnett. 6s. (Warne.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Dec. 16—Slightly better in home departments. Foreign and colonial very quiet.
Dec. 23—Trade good, but will not bear comparison with former years. Colonial and continental moderate.
Dec. 30—Very slack in all departments.
Jan. 6—Still very quiet. Continental somewhat firmer.
Jan. 13—A slight improvement, more especially in educational works. Foreign and continental still quiet.

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### (2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 13TH, 1899, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

In consequence of the attention centred in South African affairs, many publishers delayed putting forth new books at Christmastide, and the best booksellers and even librarians were therefore seriously affected in business done. All over it must be reported that the Christmas trade throughout Scotland was exceptionally quiet, although a very decided improvement is noticeable within the past week or two.

The extraordinary sale of war literature continued very brisk, and such works as "The Transvaal from Within," "How Soldiers Fight," "How England Saved Europe," and Mr. Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," were prominently in demand. Of course the less pretentious publications dealing with the war sold in thousands, and such illustrated journals as "Union Jack," "Briton or Boer," and the "Transvaal War Album," manifested, by their immense success, the popular interest in the military situation.

Annuals and Almanacs were as usual in seasonable request, but the sale of Annual Volumes of serial works was very limited.

The sixpenny volume still lingered, and three at least had a fair amount of success; these were "The History of David Grieve," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, "The Truth Tellers," by J. S. Winter, and, on account of its connection with Africa, "Jess," by H. Rider Haggard.

In six-shilling novels, "The Transgressors" proved the leading new work in Scotland, and "Red Pottage" and "David Harum" continued to be readily stocked.

In Edinburgh, "Studies in the Portrait of Christ," by

Dr. Matheson, proved the religious book of the season, and as expensive gift books, Stevenson's Letters, Millais' Life, and Graham's Social Life in Scotland were taken.

All the magazines were seriously hurt in their sale by the war literature. The *Sunday Strand* made a fair start in Scotland, and Messrs. Newnes' new weekly venture, the *King*, met with favour. As we issue this report some excitement is caused by the coming two rival sixpenny weeklies, the *Sphere* and the *Spear*, both of which are sanguine of leaping into popularity.

In the following list of best selling books we specially select six on South African affairs :—

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net (Heinemann.)
South Africa. By Dr. Theal. 5s. (Unwin.)
Impressions of South Africa. By J. Bryce, M.P. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Last Boer War. By H. Rider Haggard. 1s. (Kegan Paul.)
Pictorial History of the Transvaal. 1s. (Newnes.)
History of the Great Boer Trek. By Dr. Cloete. 1s. (Murray.)

Red Pottage. By M. Cholmondeley. 6s. (Arnold.)
Transgressors. By Rosaline Masson. 6s. (Hodder.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
How England Saved Europe. By Fitchett. 2 vols. 6s. each. (Smith, Elder.)
Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Jamie Meredith. By P. L. Ford. 6s. (Constable.)
Ship of Stars. By Quiller Couch. 6s. (Cassell.)
Marget of the Manse. By E. F. Heddle. 6s. (Gardner.)
Two Miss Jeffreys. By David Lyall. 6s. (Hodder.)
Sailor's Bride. By Guy Boothby. 6s. (White.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Lao Ti, the Celestial. By M. Bird. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
A Rise in the World. By A. Sergeant. 6s. (White.)
Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By Dr. Matheson. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Truth Tellers. By J. S. Winter. 6d. (White.)

## THE READER.

### DR. MARTINEAU.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

AMIDST the clamour of war news and the feverish restlessness of military preparations, one of the profoundest and noblest souls of the age has passed peacefully away. Many of the dally papers contained the barest reference to Dr. Martineau's death; a few hurried and meagre lines were considered sufficient to chronicle the setting of an intellectual light such as our country produces only at rare intervals. The vulgar vagaries of a police-court case, the decease of a wealthy nobody, would have been given far greater prominence by a certain section of the press. To journalists of this kind, men whose lives have "made for righteousness," men who have ever concerned themselves with the things that matter in a way such as to affect profoundly the thought of the time,—men of this order are apparently of small account. And yet, to speak of Dr. Martineau is in a sense to speak of the nineteenth century; for it is no exaggeration to refer thus to one, born so long ago as the spring of 1805, who has taken a leading part in almost all the weighty controversies of a controversial age, and whose influence upon the philosophic thought of the day it is hard to over-estimate.

Dr. Martineau has been called a Radical; and emphasis is laid constantly upon his obvious sympathies with the scepticism of science and with writers of the Rationalistic school. This, of course, is true; but the way in which it is stated, frequently gives rise to misconception. In matters of critical exegesis, as a theologian pure and simple, he was wont to treat the records of Christian Revelation with a trenchant severity which, indeed, not unfrequently scandalised even some of his Unitarian brethren. None the less, as opposed to the Agnosticism and Materialism of the age, he was one of the greatest conservative forces we have had. The late Edward Aveling, a materialistic advocate of brilliant ability, once remarked to a friend of the writer, "Dr. Martineau is the most dangerous opponent we have to reckon with." This was true: all the resources of Dr. Martineau's fine scholarship, his intimate acquaintance with the complexities of physical science, his superb powers of dialectic, were thrown into the conservative scale as against the "free thought" of the time. No one can study carefully his writings without detecting beneath the high note of controversial polemic the deep ground bass of a noble conservatism. In personal converse, indeed, it was this conservatism (using the word in its largest sense) which chiefly attracted attention, whilst the strain of intellectual radicalism fell into subsidiary importance. That this should be so, seems perfectly natural; special circumstances, such as the bitter opposition which he encountered in the earlier years of his career, forced into prominence a controversial tone which was, in reality, uncongenial to him. Not that he ever shirked controversy, or abated one jot of his intellectual convictions because of opposition: no writer has ever more fearlessly and strenuously stood by his opinions; but the polemical spirit was not dear to him as it is to some men. He was too great, too deeply spiritual a man to care for the often barren victories of logical controversy. A mystic —in the best sense of the word—with the spiritual fervour of a Tauler and the poetic sensibility of a Coleridge, it was the inner life, the life of devotion to a Christ-ideal, which consecrated his entire being. His habitual method of treating religious problems as subjects for personal intuition and for the verification of the conscience rather than for logical exposition or for episcopal sanction, is well illustrated by the following extract from a letter sent to the present writer, dealing with eschatology and some of its modern exponents. After certain interesting criticisms on the views of Bishop Westcott and the late Professor Bruce, Dr. Martineau goes on to say with reference to a future life :

> "It is not from the persistence in itself of a metaphysical essence, but from the movement of *spiritual growth* and the experience of personal relations characteristic of an expanding nature, that all religious insight comes. And the unquenchable thirst that sends men (and surely the Christlike most of all) age after age to the Eternal Fountain for *more life* than can be found here, is due to their consciousness of capacities and affections that are an over-match for the conditions and the limits of the mortal lot, and are plainly equal to claims of larger scope and love deeper in intensity and diviner in its aims. Who does not know that he is made for more than he now is and does, and has to *climb* so long as he has a footing on this world? and see the higher steps he might yet take beyond the last, had he but the grant of *time?* We live by aspiration, hope and worship; and unless the ideals which transcend the present reveal the realities of the future, death falls as the lightning flash and blights the promise of our being. How is it possible for one who is conscious of his relation to the 'Father of Spirits' to believe himself thus flung off the ladder of ascent inviting him from earth to heaven?"

The above passage, though it loses somewhat in argumentative force by being taken from its context, is sufficient to

illustrate the attitude of mind with which Dr. Martineau approached the deepest problems of human life and destiny.

His want of sympathy with certain social and political movements of the day is well known. He objected greatly to modern literary methods, and considered that the habit of putting sketchy and fragmentary studies of the great masters of literature into the hands of the uneducated masses could not be deprecated too strongly. To give an example. He once spoke to the present writer about a certain study of Shelley's writings intended to give a popular exposition of Shelley's views and aims. The author had purposely put aside all consideration of Shelley's life, and had deliberately sought to pourtray the inspiring aspects only of his work as poet and essayist. Many would have thought this quite permissible; not so Dr. Martineau. Since the book was intended as a kind of primer, an introduction to the study of Shelley, Dr. Martineau contended that the grave defects of Shelley's own life ought not to have been ignored. In treating of any author it was the writer's duty (in Dr. Martineau's opinion) to put in the light and shade to the best of his ability. A man's life and a man's writings should be considered as a whole; you could not separate the one from the other.

The modern journalistic fashion of writing up to a certain number of lines or pages was extremely repugnant to him. He disliked to be cramped or bound down arbitrarily in any way. When asked to contribute a volume to a series of philosophical studies published some years ago, he acceded to the request, but was unable to confine his treatment of the subject to the limits set down, and the book, therefore, was published separately. He looked with disfavour on many of the methods and customs of modern journalism, and once wrote thus to a journalist acquaintance who had suggested an interview: "My experience of the *press appetite* for more or less sensational matter is far from pleasant. . . . Our newspaper literature seems fast descending to the American level." With regard to some of the better class American journals, however, the present writer has heard him speak in terms of warm commendation. In personal converse there was a gracious sweetness about his customary manner, and a lofty sincerity which entranced the listener; for the sweetness was not the sweetness of mere amiability, but the sweetness that arises from conscious strength and wide sympathies. Dr. Martineau's manner, indeed, reminded one of the old text, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." And, whilst charmed by his gentleness and old-world courtesy, those who conversed with him felt the tonic of his fine sincerity. No man hated polite evasions and word juggling more than he did, and when he felt deeply on a subject he would speak out his mind with that uncompromising directness which one associates with John Knox.

Although those wonderful eyes of his are now closed in their last sleep, and the quiet, penetrating voice is hushed for ever, yet Dr. Martineau has left behind him imperishable legacies of thought which will enrich succeeding generations as they have enriched this, with their luminous suggestiveness and stimulating power. There are passages scattered throughout his voluminous writings which for sheer beauty of diction and sublimity of thought will endure along with other time-defying classics of English literature.

## MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.

THE author of one of the most popular novels of the century has passed away amid a chorus of praise; and yet it is doubtful if he has received all the credit he deserved for the varied performance of his life. Perhaps there was something of disappointment for a rather partial recognition in his well-known objection to being called the author of "Lorna Doone." But such a dislike to the most popular offspring of their imaginations is not uncommon among artists, and need not upset the judgment that places the famous story at the head of Mr. Blackmore's works. As is well known, he was a Berkshire, not a Devonshire man—he was born at Longworth seventy-five years ago—but some of his most impressionable years were spent at Tiverton, at Blundell's School, and on the borders of Exmoor. Without a doubt "Lorna Doone" gave a great impetus to the "local spirit" in fiction, which has developed so strongly and spread so widely since then. And though pilgrims to the Doone Valley and the "slide of the waters" are often disappointed at finding something tamer than they expected, that he was a faithful interpreter of the spirit of the wild West country all Devonshire men allow.

None of Mr. Blackmore's works smell of the lamp; but there are rich suggestions here and there of the good scholar that he was, abundant proof that he did not lose his love for the classics after his Oxford days. His first literary work, a translation of the "Georgics," early showed his blended love of books and nature. The years of his history that have left least trace in his novels—none, perhaps, save a few gibes at the legal profession—are those when he studied law, was called to the bar, and actually practised as a conveyancer. It is difficult to imagine his open-air spirit dwelling in the atmosphere of Chancery Lane—even more than to imagine it wholly engrossed with the trade of letters. Always a lover of gardens, with an instinctive understanding of all growing things, during his later years he only gave to literature what time was left from the wholesome business and recreation of market-gardening. Whether the grapes and cabbages he cultivated on his Teddington acres were profitable in a pecuniary sense or not, they kept the loathed villas afar, and that was a profound satisfaction to his soul. There is that in his books which proves a busy eye, a busy brain, and a good deal of leisure. It is the fisher, the sportsman, the wanderer in well-known, long-loved places, the gardener, that delights you, not the mere slinger of ink. He belongs not at all to the journalist order of novelist; he has not hurried over the globe in search of lightning impressions to be turned into instantaneous "copy."

Mr. Blackmore wrote pretty copiously from 1864, when "Clara Vaughan" was published, to 1897, when "Dariel" appeared; and to run over the names of "The Maid of Sker," "Cradock Nowell," "Alice Lorraine," "Cripps the Carrier," "Mary Anerley," "The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore," is to recall some excellent stories. "Lorna Doone" may exhibit most of his qualities at their best; but its author is not completely known unless you read beyond that popular favourite. He had a fine sense of romance; he had an extraordinary knowledge of nature, both in its general aspects and in detail—enough to set up a dozen poetic naturalists of the Jeffreys order. But

perhaps his strongest feature—he certainly thought so himself—was a delight in, and a shrewdness in observing human character in the rough. He chuckled over quaintnesses and angles; and his idealist attitude to the world in general did not make him prone to flatter his kind. The disparaging epithet of "Devonshire cream," which he applied to his own "Lorna Doone," pointed to some self-contempt for having slurred over roughnesses and hard truths in that not very tame story.

He was curiously uneven. The life sank out of his work at times. He was never much of an architect in fiction. His poems—published under the name of "Frin gilla," in 1895—are queer, quaint, and unhewn. But he could be, and often was, an altogether admirable writer; and there are numerous portions of even his most indifferent books that will stand the closest scrutiny both as to matter and to phrase. In that uncompiled selection of delightful passages from modern English romance-writers, Mr. Blackmore must be often represented. To the still invisible compiler we recommend the late and little known volume of stories and legends of country life, "Tales from the Telling-House" (1896), less rich in dramatic incidents than most of the other books, but instinct with fine observation and with beauty—a book, by the way, that called forth hardly any comment at the time of its appearance, and that little none too favourable.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.

No one fled from the interviewer more determinedly than Mr. Blackmore, nor upheld more staunchly the sacred right of privacy. But in his work he could not altogether conceal his strong personality. You feel the man who did the essential part of his work in happy moments under the sky. You feel his unconventionality, his quaint gentle flouting at the dwellers in cities, his shrewd mockery of the formalities that choke the free growth of thought and of sentiment. You feel an original. You think of his life as like that of his own Bull Garnet, "a life all character, all different from other people." Something there is pungent and acid about his running comment on humankind, but great sweetness in his final account of it.

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## COMING SCOTTISH LITERARY DEVELOPMENTS.

IT would, of course, be rash to dogmatise as to the future of any department of literature until the present war is over, or at least until the stage of "seeing through" by the public has finally superseded that of "muddling through"—as with the impatient injustice of ignorance we have been too ready to style it—of our generals. It is no less true of Scotland than of England that nothing in the way of ordinary secular literature has any vogue but books upon South Africa. Religious works, it is beyond question, of the type of Dr. Matheson's "Studies" in the Life of Christ, are in great request, and more than one "circulating-librarian" in Glasgow—and it should not be forgotten that circulating-libraries are still what Coleridge termed them, the "ordinaries" of literature—has told me that, after the week of anxiety and disappointment which culminated in the Black Friday of Buller's reverse on the Tugela, there was a considerable demand for the works of Carlyle. Such a demand simply means, no doubt, that a great war induces the national mood of "high seriousness," and a craving for the special bracing and tonic literature which chimes in with the mood. But when the back of the campaign in South Africa is broken, and the road to Pretoria appears to be open, ordinary tastes in books will reassert themselves. It is not difficult to predict which of these will, in the first instance at least, be the most powerful. The years 1900 and 1901 will be distinguished in Scottish literature for the extraordinary number and importance of the works dealing with the national history which will be published during their course. The way was prepared in 1899 by the appearance of the first volume of

Dr. Hume Brown's History of Scotland, and of Mr. Henry Grey Graham's entertaining and successful volumes on the Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century. The completion of Dr. Brown's work is announced as "in the press." The issue of the first volume of an equally comprehensive work treating of the same subject, by Mr. Andrew Lang, has been delayed by the war. Dr. James Colville, the author of the very readable "Byways of History," promises to cover much the same ground as Mr. Graham in a book to be styled "The Making of Modern Scotland." Sir Henry Craik has also all but completed a "History of Scotland since the Union," which, coming down to the Disruption of 1843, will cover practically the whole of the eighteenth and very nearly the half of the nineteenth century.

Such books will probably be valuable in themselves; but they will be of still greater importance as an indication of the "note" of Scottish historical literature for many years to come. That note may be described as "historical realism." Scotsmen of middle age will remember how John Hill Burton's great work on the history of their country was regarded as "final." He had his prejudices and made his mistakes, no doubt, but he had utilised and superseded his predecessors—Tytler and Hailes and the two Robertsons, not to speak of the early "chroniclers"—and there was practically no more to be said. And yet here we have Mr. Lang and Dr. Brown going over much the same ground as Burton, and having a great deal to say that is absolutely fresh! The reason for this surprise is not far to seek. It lies in the fact that only now are the real materials for the writing of early Scottish history becoming available, in the publication of innumerable "Public Records" and of the works which have the hall-mark of such associations as the Scottish History Society and the Spalding Club of Aberdeen. It is probable, indeed, that we have but scratched the surface of this realism. The history of the Scottish burghs, involving the growth of civic life, has yet to be written. When it is written, it will be based upon charters and equally authoritative human documents; and the work will have to be executed in the same spirit as that which Dr. Hay Fleming has exhibited in editing the Kirk Session records of St. Andrews. The fascination of Mr. Graham's volumes on Scotland in the eighteenth century lies to some extent, no doubt, in the pleasant if slightly cynical style in which they are written. But their realism—here and there almost Zolaesque, and tending to show that Junius was not very wide of the mark when he averred that the Scots of his day were notable mainly for dirt and drunkenness—is an important contributory element to this success. Mr. Graham may not have dug very deep, but he has scoured wide for his facts; he has let Scotsmen of the present century see how others saw their grandfathers, though it may be through the glass of bias darkly. It is safe to predict that this work of genuine historical investigation will go forward bravely and for an indefinite period—until a comprehensive, exhaustive, and possibly "final" history of Scotland becomes a possibility.

The continued success of Mr. Crockett's romances, the undoubted triumph scored by Mr. Neil Munro in his "Gilian the Dreamer," and the steady growth of Mr. Buchan's reputation, indicate that the appetite for Scottish fiction connected with and based upon Scottish history, which Stevenson re-discovered, is by no means satisfied. And in spite of vigorous cries of *Assez de* Kailyard! it is quite evident that if either Mr. Barrie or Ian Maclaren has anything to say he is listened to; neither is at all likely to be deserted by his constituency. From various signs of the times, however—such as the invincible popularity of Mrs. Burnett Smith's essentially modern and middle-class stories of Scottish life, and Miss Masson's modest but notable achievement—I anticipate the rise of a school of fiction dealing exclusively and even realistically with the Scotland of to-day. Here are pastures new and untouched. The horrors of slum life in the large cities, especially in Glasgow and Edinburgh, will never be thoroughly understood, and no attempt at ending instead of timidly making belief to mend them will be initiated until we have a Scottish Zola. The double life of Deacon Brodie of Edinburgh has been made the subject of a charming chamber-play by Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Henley. But the Deacon seems a commonplace creature, a transpontine Macheath, when placed by the side of Dr. James Colquhoun, lately Treasurer of the City of Glasgow and now convict in Peterhead, whose remarkable life as but partially unveiled when he was lately convicted of embezzlement demonstrates him to be without rival or second Scotland's Tartufe. What a chance for a second Galt! And who that knows anything of the comedy of Scottish middle-class manners as it is played—sometimes very seriously played—in the hydropathic establishments with which our country is dotted, can doubt that they supply a field to a new artist in fiction, a field, too, quite as worthy of cultivation as St. Ronan's Well proved to Scott? Without attempting to take other than short views, it may be predicted with considerable confidence that realism in history and energy and modernity in fiction will be the leading characteristics of Scottish literature in the early years of the twentieth century.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

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## MR. SHORTER'S NEW PAPER.

### A CHAT ABOUT THE "SPHERE."

"I am the master of the Sphere,
The Seven Stars and the Polar Year."

THESE lines of Emerson's suggested to Mr. Shorter the title for the new illustrated paper which we are all reading so eagerly. The first number appeared on Friday, and our readers are therefore able to judge for themselves of its excellence. It marks, indeed, a new era in the history of illustrated journalism. Experienced workers in the field have studied the *Sphere* with amazement and admiration, recognising how great an expenditure both of capital and labour must have gone to make it. Only a mind of rare originality and initiative could have devised such a paper. Those who have been longest and most intimately acquainted with this department of London journalism can best appreciate the organising power which has made the *Sphere* from the moment of its publication a striking success.

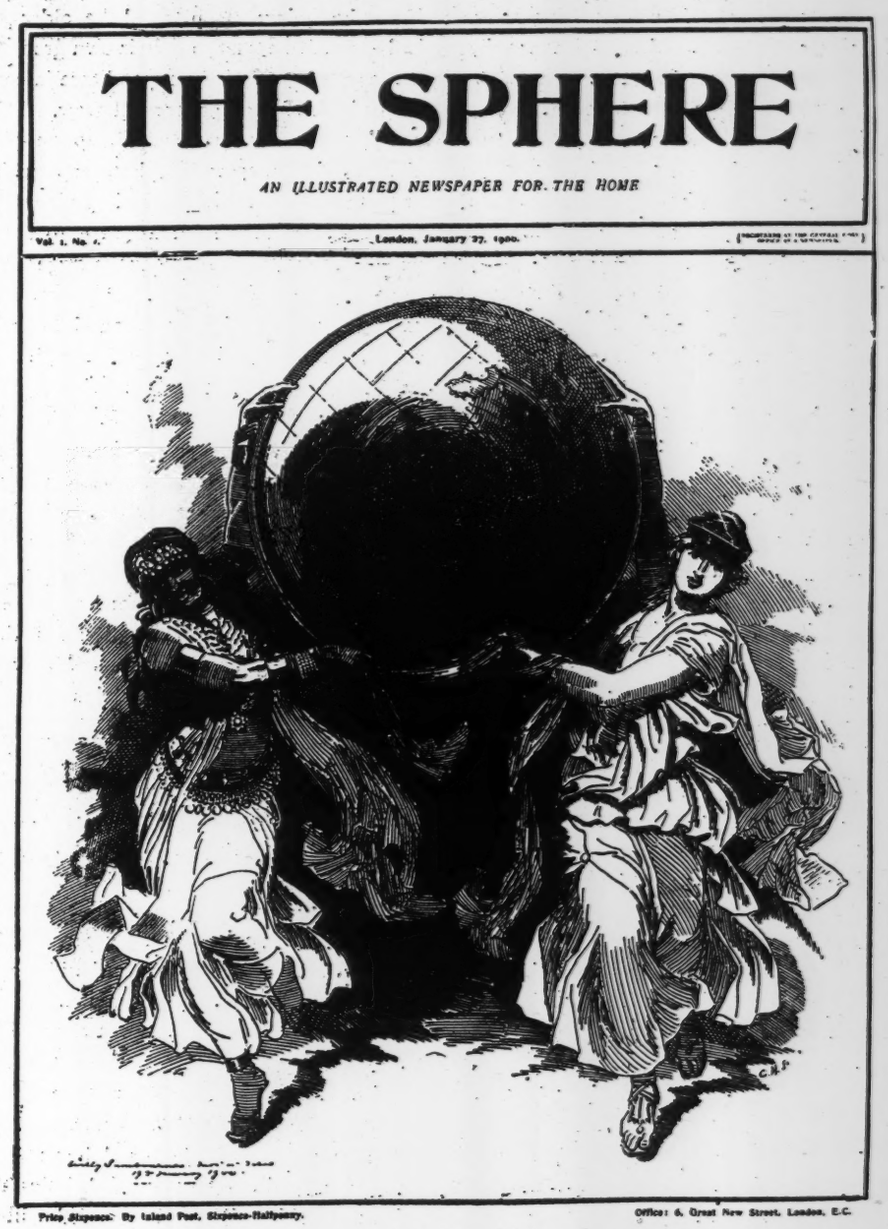
Young men and women who are entering journalism must, one imagines, be turning eagerly to Mr. Shorter's

office, for the *Sphere* carries with it the promise of the future. The offices in Great New Street, Fetter Lane, have a welcoming aspect. Two genial *commissionaires* guard the entrance to the floor on which the paper is published, and glimpses are caught of a little army of typists and shorthand writers in various rooms. Only a few weeks ago the first floor of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's premises was filled with Bibles, but this stock was removed to Paternoster Row, and with almost incredible quickness editorial offices were prepared. Mr. Shorter and his assistants are now installed in comfortable, airy, and well-lighted rooms, which have the home-like appearance that tells of remunerative toil.

A representative of THE BOOKMAN had a talk with Mr. Shorter a few days before the publication of his first number, and was interested to hear some of his plans and ideas for the future. On details he was reticent, not unnaturally, as competition had already asserted itself, and besides, he is anxious that the *Sphere* should come week by week as a surprise to its readers.

"As regards competition," Mr. Shorter laughingly remarked, "we are not in the least afraid that it will hurt us. We are not appealing to the ignorant multitude, but to the educated classes. Our readers will know how to spell the word 'sphere.' From Scotland, I am glad to say, our orders are coming in magnificently. What an insult to a Scotchman to suppose he could not spell our name!"

Mr. Shorter's paper will appeal to the home. "No great illustrated newspaper is doing so at the present moment. When the older journals of this class were started very few newspapers were taken in, and country people depended on their illustrated journal to summarise for them the events of the week. In this respect a complete revolution has taken place. The country gentleman sees one, or possibly several papers, each day, and very often a review at the end of the week. It is useless, therefore, to give summaries of current events. We must assume that the facts are known, and present them to our readers dressed up in a fresh and original form. The multiplication of newspapers has cut away the ground from the older illustrated journals, so far as their letterpress is concerned. Yet they are keeping close to the traditions of the mid-century, and the result is that they are no longer papers for the home, but are seen almost exclusively by the man in the club. He glances over them, looks at the pictures, and lays them down. It does not occur to him to read them through."


THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Vol. 1. No. 1. London, January 27, 1900.

Price Sixpence. By Inland Post, Sixpence-Halfpenny. Office: 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.

"So far as illustrations are concerned, do you think it possible to beat the papers already in the field?"

"Frankly, I think it impossible," Mr. Shorter replied. "These papers have enormous capital at their disposal, and we, with the same expenditure of capital, can only hope to equal them. Like them, I shall purchase week by week the services of the best artists. We have no fewer than seven artists at this moment at the seat of war. Mr. Wollen and Mr. Ernest Prater, each of whom has the highest reputation in his own department, will provide many of our sketches. Lord Rosslyn, with his camera, has gone to South Africa on behalf of the *Sphere*, and his snap shots will, I have no doubt, be an amusing feature. Among home artists we are employing Mr. Bernard Partridge and many others of distinction. The names on our advertisement lists are, I think, a guarantee of the highest efficiency in this direction. On the artistic side, which I readily grant is the

most important side of a paper like ours, nothing can be done beyond engaging the best talent of the day. We have plenty of money, more will be forthcoming if necessary, and our readers may be confident that we shall never put them off with the second best."

"Then it is in the literary department that the *Sphere* will make a place for itself?"

"The chief respect," said Mr. Shorter, in reply, "in which the difference will be felt between ours and the older journals is in the novel treatment of events as they arise. Every line of our paper may be read with interest by those who have seen all the others already. We shall not rely even on the contributions of eminent authors, although, as you will see, the best writers of the day are on our list. It is by a quality of freshness and novelty on every page and in every line that we hope to win and retain our public. There will be no padding articles, no fill-ups. Nothing will appear merely because it is a clever article by a clever person. All our reading matter must be in actual and direct contact with the events of the day."

"You do not propose, I think, to have many regular features."

"We claim," Mr. Shorter replied, "that this will be the first paper published without regular features. On the *Sketch*, Mr. Bulloch and I started with twenty features, and we left with two or three. That does not mean that the readers will never know to what part of the paper to turn for news of certain kinds, but simply that all stereotyped arrangements are in our opinion unsuitable for the illustrated weekly of the future. We shall go to press close to the time of publication, and I shall not attempt to see my way too far ahead. I could not give you any idea to-day, for instance, of what is to appear in my second number. Even of the first, although the time is so near, I can only show you this front page, with the coloured portraits of the Queen and of the rulers of the Empire at home and abroad. Our watchword is to be 'Loyalty to Queen and Empire,' and we believe the *Sphere* will make itself from the first many friends in our colonies and in every part of the English-speaking world."

"Will you accept contributions from outsiders?"

"Not only are we willing to take articles from the outside," said Mr. Shorter, "but we are arranging for very few regular contributors. I shall welcome articles of interest from whatever part of the globe they may come, and in our first number I have inserted an appeal in six languages inviting readers to send me articles and pictures. The articles must, of course, be short. We have no space in the *Sphere* for lengthy contributions."

"Will the *Sphere* give much attention to the theatre?"

"Very little indeed, compared with the *Sketch*, although Mr. Bulloch will act as our dramatic critic. I may say that we hope in the early future to start a dramatic paper. The *Sphere*, being essentially a journal for the home, must contain not a line which would offend Mrs. Grundy. On the other hand, there will be no great movement either in church or chapel, Catholic or Primitive Methodist, which will not receive from us adequate treatment. We hope to give in nearly every number a contribution from some eminent poet. Mr. Austin Dobson has written a poem for our second week, and this will be illustrated by Mr. Hartrick."

"I suppose in these times only the wealthy capitalist can hope to start a successful journal of this kind?"

"The best proof that this is so is the small amount of rivalry which the existing illustrated papers have had to encounter during the past fifty years. There have been only four or five attempts to compete with them during the whole of that time. There was the *Illustrated Times*, the *Pictorial World*, *Black and White*, and the two or three Budgets, whose competition was perhaps hardly serious. Until the *Sphere* was planned the older papers of this class had never been met on their own ground. It is probable that as time goes on the expenditure in connection with the preparation of such papers will grow. I do not believe any weekly paper can now be built up on photographs alone You may fill a page with a photograph which costs a guinea, or you may fill it with an artist's picture which costs £30. Readers may be trusted at once to detect the difference, and to see where the revenue is large and where expense can be liberally afforded. Photographic weekly papers can be produced for less than 6d., and the public will not continue to give this for anything but the best work."

Mr. Shorter is most hopeful with regard to the future of the *Sphere*. "The second number," he remarked, "will be a great deal better than the first, and the twelfth a great deal better than either. In politics, I need scarcely tell you, the *Sphere* will be neutral. While we recognise the importance to the Empire of this war in South Africa, we do not intend to produce a mere war paper. Although the war has brought an immense boom to the illustrated papers, and has practically doubled their circulation, I think the time is near when the public will ask for a change from the monotony of war pictures."

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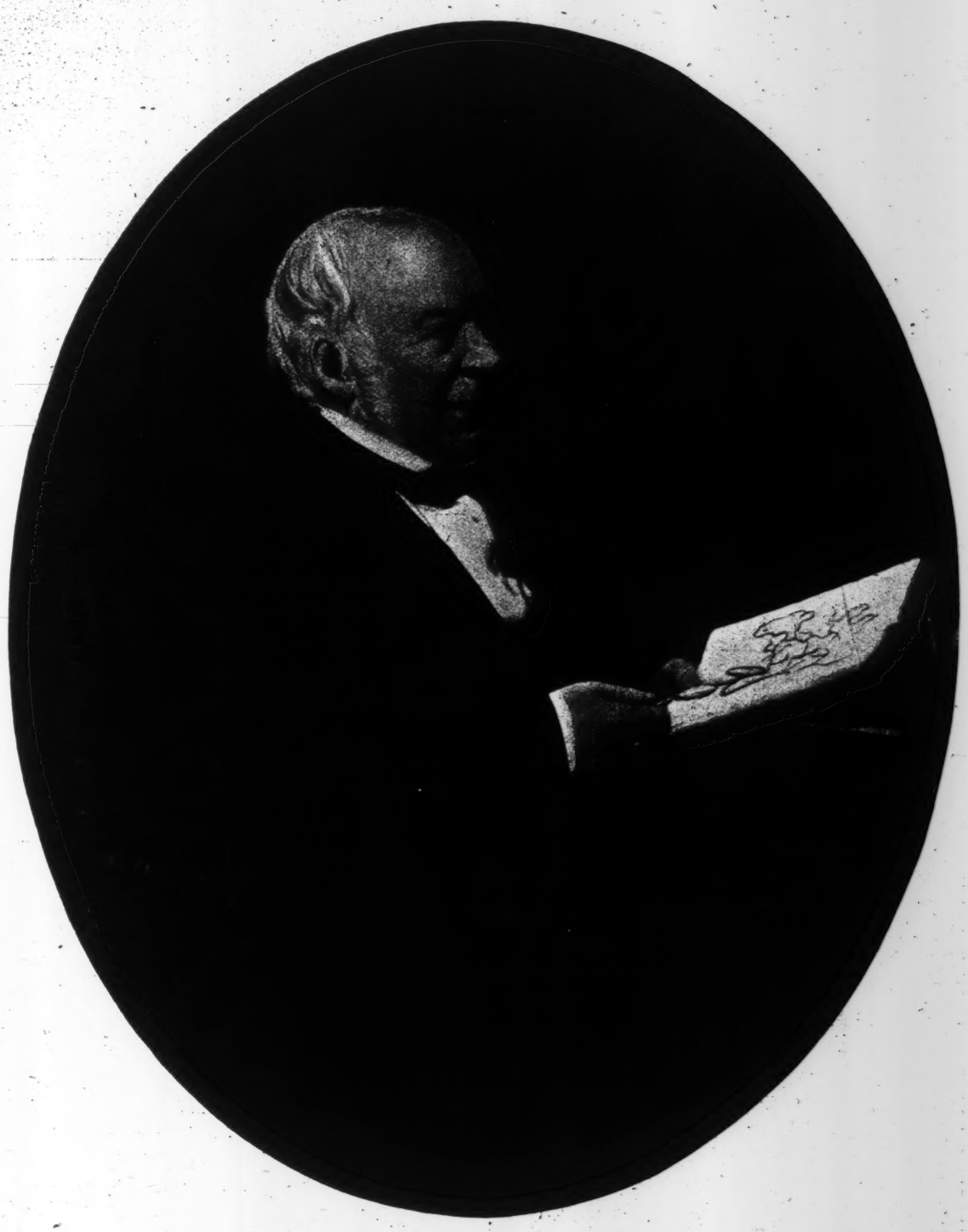
## BOHN.

WHATEVER may be the justice of the division of spoils between author and publisher, there can be no doubt that it is only very seldom that the publisher gains the greater part of the fame. The author's name is known to all men; the publisher's name, if it be known, is probably not consciously connected with any particular author. But though the author is more commonly the figure known to the public, there are one or two publishers whose names are infinitely better known than the titles of their own books. First among these is Bohn, of the Standard and Classical Libraries. Men have heard of Bohn who have never heard of Tibullus or Athenæus, of the Galatea of Cervantes, or the romances of Achilles Tatius. And if we pick up accidentally a volume of the library, it is only too probable that our second thought alone tells us that it contains the eloquence of Burke or the philosophy of Lucretius: our first thought tells us that it is a "Bohn." Even when the library is abused, it is with that abuse which is in this country the highest compliment, that calm, hopeless, resigned abuse with which the Anglo-Saxon recognises the existence of an essential institution like the Post Office

The vast popularity of Bohn's libraries was due incidentally, no doubt, to individual volumes, which were unique and unattainable in any similar form elsewhere, such as the excellent translation of the "Chronicles of Bœda," but primarily to its general universality and sincerity, to the

bold scale of the design, and the consistent honesty of the fulfilment. But though it has never lost that high position, it is difficult now to realise the importance of the revolution that it worked. It was probably the first cheap series of



MR. H. G. BOHN.

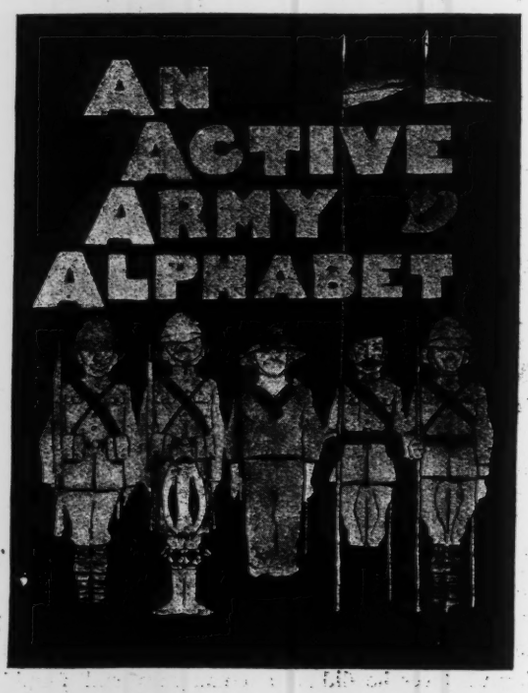
weighty and authoritative works: it has not been eclipsed by its children, but it has had to compete with them. Nor is the competition an unsuccessful one: the library still amply fulfils its original idea—original in more senses than one. It is a cheap series, but any man who possesses it may become an unusually cultivated man.

The author of this remarkable departure must have been no negligeable personality. H. G. Bohn was, indeed, a man of forcible character, not unworthy to have left this great landmark in the history of national education. He was born in London in 1796, and as a second-hand bookseller he attracted great attention by the extraordinary Guinea Catalogue, which ran to nearly two thousand pages. This colossal work, big enough to be an encyclopædia, was merely the list of his own second-hand stock, and it procured for Bohn the reputation, which he never lost, of doing whatever he did on a courageous and formidable scale. It was about 1846 that he began to lay the foundations of his great work in "The Standard Library," published at three-and-sixpence, and rewarded by an enormous

sale. "The Scientific Library," "The Classical Library," "The Antiquarian Library," and "The Illustrated Library" followed each other, and the conception did not pall on the public. But though Bohn threw this singular energy into his business, it was only one of many interests. He was not only a collector of china, pictures, and flowers, but an author himself; and although his published works were mostly on the lines of collation or research, in private he pursued those more airy and poetic muses which seldom leave their traces on the character of a publisher. There was a decided touch of eccentricity in the man: nothing but a very grim humour combined with that inspired impudence which made his fortune in the book world could have led to such a solemn trick as he played when compiling the "Dictionary of Quotations," in which he scattered as examples of fragments familiar in the mouths of men, lines from his own MS. poems which had never even seen the light. In 1864 he disposed of his libraries, consisting of more than six hundred volumes, to Messrs. Bell and Daldy. Messrs. Bell have added to the various libraries more than one hundred and fifty volumes; and so constant is the vitality of this astonishing collection, that it is now being re-issued, to the advantage of all those who wish to build, on the best terms, that classic foundation of a library to which everything later and lighter is merely relative and ornamental.

## SOME NEW BOOK COVERS.

JANUARY is not a month usually productive of many new book covers, publishers being content to remain quiet after the stress of the Christmas Book Season. However, we are giving a few that we consider to be the most attractive produced during the last few weeks.




The cover for "An Active Army Alphabet," published by Messrs. Sands and Co., is the work of Mr. John Hassell, and is effectively worked up in scarlet and black upon paper boards. The book is printed and bound by Messrs. Bemrose, of Derby.

The cover for Mr. Metcalfe's "All Hands on Deck" is bold and effective, being carried out on a grass green cloth in gold, brown, and cream. The book is bound

as well as published by Messrs. Blackie and Son.

Hamish Hendry's "Majuba" has a striking cover designed by Mr. F. R. Kimborough. The two figures are silhouetted on a slate linen by a background of grey, white, and salmon. The book is published by Mr. Grant Richards, and bound by Messrs. Straker.

The cover for a new novel by Albert Vandam, entitled "A Court Tragedy," is also by Mr. Kimborough, and is carried out in dark blue and orange on a grey linen. The work is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and bound by James Burn and Co., Limited.

The cover for Gerhart Hauptmann's fairy play, "The Sunken Bell," is of American origin, and is tastefully carried out on a blue grey handmade paper. The work is published by Mr. William Heinemann.

We give a reduced facsimile of the back of the first volume of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s new issue of the Standard English Classics. The books are handsomely bound in a dark red linen, the design and lettering being impressed in gold. The ornamental bands top and bottom are from a design by Mr. A. Turbayne, and the books are bound by James Burn and Co., Limited.

The great charm in the cover of Mrs. Dudeney's new novel, entitled "Folly Corner," is in the delightful blending of colour which it is impossible for us to reproduce. The design, which is by Mr. F. R. Kimborough, is carried out in pale green, orange, and white on a slate blue linen. The book is published by Mr. William Heinemann.

Messrs. George Bell and Son are shortly to issue the first volume of their new series of books on "Our Great Public Schools." The design for the series has been made by Mr. Ashton Pearse, and the binding will be executed by James Burn and Co., Limited, on a terra-cotta linen in a darker ink of the same shade, the arms and lettering being in gold.

## THE JOURNALIST.

### NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Harold Spender, formerly of the *Daily Chronicle*, is doing the Parliamentary sketch and Lobby notes this session for the *Manchester Guardian*. The sketch was written during the last full session by Mr. J. B. Atkins, who is representing the *Guardian* with General Buller's force.

Several changes have taken place in the personnel of the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons this session. Mr. D. W. Edgar has been succeeded in the position of chief of the *Morning Post* gallery staff by Mr. R. G. Emery, so long the able second to Mr. Edgar. The Parliamentary correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* is Mr. Frederick J. Higginbottom, who for the past seven years has been on the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its Parliamentary correspondent also.

Mr. J. Lipsett, late of the *St. James's Gazette*, has joined the editorial staff of the *Daily Chronicle*.

The new assistant editor of the *St. James's Gazette* is Mr. Ronald MacNeill.

Mr. Alfred Kinnear, who at the commencement of hostilities in South Africa was sent out by the Central News as one of that Agency's war correspondents, has been invalided home. He saw some of the fighting, but like most of the other correspondents, he suffered from the censor. Worse than that, through the hardships he endured on the veldt, he contracted enteric fever, and narrowly escaped with his life. He had previously seen considerable service with the colours, and his forced return has left him anything but a happy man.

Previous to their having heard that "A. K." was returning, the Central News had sent out one of their young men, Mr. Charles Bray, who has been trained by the Agency, and who had already had some experience of South Africa. He arrived in Cape Town a few days before Mr. Kinnear embarked there on his homeward voyage.

The Central News has, as everybody knows, done some excellent work in connection with this campaign. Their enterprise has deserved even more success than they have yet had. They have spared neither pains nor expense. At present they have no fewer than eight correspondents at the front, including the well-known Mr. Dunn at Ladysmith, from whom they received on the 18th ult. such a brilliant account of the Boer attack there on the 6th January.

Mr. C. T. King, who had been on the reporting staff of the Central News for between two and three years, has joined the *Daily Mail* reporting staff. His place on the Central News has been taken by a bright young journalist, Mr. K. C. Spier.

Mr. Arthur H. Girdlestone, formerly editor of the *London Review*, and a writer for the *Weekly Sun* and the *Critic*, has been appointed assistant-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, in succession to the late Mr. D. B. Brightwell.

Mr. James Cash, who recently resigned the chief reportership of the *Manchester Guardian*, has taken Mr. Mills's place on the *Guardian's* Parliamentary staff.

Mr. W. F. Machray has been appointed chief reporter of the *Liverpool Courier*, in place of the late Mr. Allan. Mr Machray was for many years the reporter for the *Courier* in the Parliamentary Gallery.

Several changes have recently taken place in the Southport district. Mr. J. P. K. Watson, of the *Waterloo Herald* (a branch paper of the *Southport Visiter*), has taken up a position on the sub-editorial staff of the Central News Agency in London, and is succeeded by Mr. Stembridge, of Redditch. Mr. E. O'Brien, who was acting editor of the *Herald* from the time of its foundation, and who has recently been connected with the *Liverpool Mercury*, has just obtained an appointment on the sub-editorial staff of the *Manchester Courier*. At a meeting of the Waterloo and Crosby District Council (Liverpool), the vice-chairman, Dr. Simpson, expressed the regret which he personally felt, and which he was sure was shared by all the members, at the departure of two local journalists who had always reported their proceedings with accuracy and despatch. They had rendered valuable service both to the district and to the paper they represented. These observations were heartily endorsed.

Mr. C. V. Crosby has since severed his connection with the *Southport Visiter*, and is succeeded by Mr. G. Dean, formerly of the *Blackpool Herald*.

Mr. H. Isherwood, of the *Warrington Observer*, has been elected chairman of the Liverpool District of the Institute of Journalists.

The death of Mr. James Allan, for many years chief reporter of the *Liverpool Courier* and *Evening Express*, removed one of the best known and most highly respected figures from the ranks of Liverpool journalism. More than thirty years ago Mr. Allan joined the staff of the *Liverpool Mercury*, and after a long connection with that journal, passed into the service of the *Liverpool Courier*. Of a most kindly disposition, Mr. Allan was held in sincere regard by the many members of the press in Liverpool who knew him. At the interment at Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool, there was a large and representative gathering of pressmen, despite the weather, which was raw and chilly.

Mr. Jas. Stewart, of the *Manchester Guardian* reporting staff, is leaving for London shortly, to undertake the editorship of the *Gas World*, of which he recently became one of the proprietors. The *Gas World* has undergone remarkable development of late, and now takes rank among the best of our technical weeklies.

Mr. J. S. Raine, who has been connected with the sub-editorial department of the *Manchester Herald* since its start, has removed to Blackburn, where he now occupies a similar position on the daily and weekly issues of the *Northern Daily Telegraph*. Upon his removal he was the recipient of a recognition from the directors and staff.

Mr. Robert Clucas, sporting editor of the *Daily Argus* (Birmingham), has accepted a similar position on the new Manchester morning paper. He will be succeeded at the *Argus* by Mr. W. Unite Jones, formerly of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

Mr. Wakefield, chief sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, having resigned, the appointment has been given to Mr. C. A. Cornish, of the *Daily Argus*, while Mr. Wakefield has taken Mr. Cornish's place as the head of the *Argus* sub-editorial department.

Mr. J. Redfern Mason, who for twelve years has been a member of the staff of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and who for some time past has been the principal dramatic critic of the paper, has left for New York. A gold match-box was presented

to him by his colleagues on the *Gazette*, and a large number of the pressmen of Birmingham assembled on the platform to bid him farewell.

Last month the proprietors of the *Western Evening Herald* gave a feast to a thousand boys who compose the *Herald* brigade for street sales. The boys, headed by the Borough Police Brass Band, processioned through the streets before dinner.

The *Dorset Record* ceased separate publication at the end of December, and has now been incorporated with the *Western Chronicle* published at Yeovil.

Mr. Percy Le Good, late of the *Western Daily Mercury*, has joined the commercial staff of the *Sphere*.

Mr. James Dunne, formerly of the *Rumney Guardian*, has taken post as a reporter of the *West Ham Guardian*, Stratford, vice R. P. Harris.

Mr. David Clack has been appointed district reporter on the *South Essex Mail*, and undertakes the sub-editorial duties.

Mr. E. S. Lewis, editor of the *Hull Daily Mail* and *Hull Times*, is the new President of the York and Hull Branch of the Institute of Journalists.

Mr. J. W. Willans, on retiring from the management of the *Leeds Mercury*, has been presented with gifts from the staff.

A new Liberal evening paper is talked of in Leeds.

Mr. R. H. Court, editor of the *Ripon Observer*, was accidentally killed by falling from a train near Harrogate on Jan. 19th.

Sir Wm. Russell, the doyen of war "specials," is suffering from a broken wrist.

A new local journal, the *Hunslet and Holbeck Chronicle*, is published in the Leeds district.

Mr. H. J. Whittick, late editor of the *Herts Advertiser*, has joined the *Express and Star*, Wolverhampton.

Mr. Bernard H. Becker, who contributed much at one time to the *Daily News* and the *World*, is dead.

The new evening paper of Messrs. Hulton, the *Daily Dispatch*, at Manchester, will be first published February 5th next.

Mr. John Daniel Leader, F.S.A. (eldest son of the late Alderman Robert Leader), and formerly one of the editors and proprietors of the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, died at Sheffield on December 30th, 1899. Mr. Leader, who was greatly esteemed, wrote several notable books dealing with the history of Sheffield, the Imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield, etc. His death, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was preceded by a long illness.

Mr. W. Haslam Mills, who has just left the reporting staff of the *Manchester Guardian* to join the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* in the Gallery, was taken leave of by his colleagues at Manchester on Saturday, January 20th. In the presence of the assembled "room," Mr. J. Cash (chief reporter) and Mr. W. A. Shovelton spoke in cordial terms of Mr. Mills' unfailing geniality and versatility, and, on behalf of the staff, handed Mr. Mills a suitably inscribed silver cigarette case, a silver match box, and a meerschaum pipe.

Mr. Charles Hughes has resigned his position of reporter to the *Hunts County News*, and has joined the reporting staff of the *Peterborough Advertiser*.

An important change in the proprietary of Liverpool newspapers took effect at the beginning of the new year. From January 1st the *Shipping Telegraph*, an old journal of seventy-four years' standing, was merged in the *Journal of Commerce*, the widely known shipping and commercial "daily" owned by Mr. Charles Birchall. Mr. Birchall has been warmly congratulated upon the inclusion in his own journal of the *Shipping Telegraph*. In the district, he and his son, Mr. C. H. Birchall, are extremely popular, and have the best wishes of very many people over this extension of their business.

Mr. F. R. Toms, for many years editor of the *Field*, died on New Year's Day at Streatham.

Mr. Frederick Fisher, recently editor and proprietor of the *Somerset County Express*, has been appointed manager of the *Morning Herald*, London.

The students of the Hull School of Art have designed a New Year's card as a compliment to the *Daily Mail* (Hull).

Mr. Bailey, who has for some time represented the *Yorkshire Post* in Scarborough and on the north-east coast of Yorkshire, is now stationed in Hull for that journal.

### SCOTLAND.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., was the guest of the members of the Aberdeen District of the Institute of Journalists at their annual dinner last month.

Mr. G. M. Fraser, who has been engaged on the reporting staff of the *Aberdeen Free Press* for about fifteen years, has been appointed Librarian of Aberdeen Public Library. Mr. Fraser begins his new duties on 1st February.

Mr. A. W. Cullen, sub-editor, *Aberdeen Journal*, has been elected chairman of the Aberdeen District of the Institute of Journalists.

The death took place last month of Mr. Robert Mackay, Glasgow, who for thirty years was prominently associated with Temperance journalism in Scotland. For twenty years he edited the *Social Reformer*, a monthly paper, and when it merged into a weekly with the title of the *Scottish Reformer*, he continued to perform the duties of editor till two years ago, when he resigned owing to his advancing years, and was succeeded in the editorship by his assistant, Mr. R. A. Cochrane. He was seventy-two years of age.

Mr. J. W. Duncan, *People's Journal*, has been again chosen to represent the Aberdeen District on the Council of the Institute of Journalists, and also on the Orphan Fund Committee.

Mr. Alexander Grant, of the Edinburgh reporting staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, leaves at the end of January to join the *Herald's* gallery staff in succession to the late Mr. Robert Paul. Mr. Duncan Ballantyne, of the *Scotsman*, succeeds Mr. Grant on the *Herald's* Edinburgh staff.

Mr. John MacGregor, who has been for some time on the London staff of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, has joined the Parliamentary Corps of a combination of papers, and is succeeded by Mr. J. G. Fraser from Aberdeen.

The death took place on January 18th of Mr. Peter Gray, who for fourteen years was a reporter for the *Edinburgh Evening News*. Mr. Gray was a native of Inverness, where he commenced his journalistic career, afterwards serving for some time on an Elgin newspaper. He had a severe illness last summer, and never wholly regained his health. A severe cold, contracted at the end of November, developed into pleurisy and latterly into an affection of the heart, which resulted in death. The deceased, who was thirty-six years of age, leaves a widow and four children. He was of an amiable disposition, and was greatly liked by all Edinburgh pressmen and by a large circle of outsiders.

Many old journalists will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Wm. Anderson, who for many years was chief reporter of the now defunct Edinburgh *Courant*, and who acted as the Edinburgh correspondent for the *Times* and the leading press agencies. Mr. Anderson wrote a series of articles on the condition of the poor, which resulted in a fund being started for poor children, which has for many years done an immense amount of good. On the death of the *Courant* Mr. Anderson received a good appointment in the Register House, which he held at the time of his decease.

### IRELAND.

Mr. P. Kerney has been appointed editor of the *Weekly Irish Times*.

Mr. J. E. O. Mahony, editor and proprietor of the *Waterford Star*, is dead.

The war is occupying a great part of public attention in Cork as elsewhere. The interest is not diminished by the fact that two local journalists have been distinguishing themselves at the front. Mr. Geo. Lynch is the son of Mr. George Lynch, director of several local companies. Mr. Lynch and his family were warm friends of the late Mr. Harold Frederic, who frequently visited the South of Ireland. Mr. Wm. B. Knox, late of the *Constitution*, received great praise for his action in going into the firing line at the Modder fight and bringing out one of the wounded. Mr. Knox represents Reuter, and was a journalist at Johannesburg after leaving Cork.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, who died recently, was for some years editor of the *Cork Examiner*, having as a colleague the late Mr. Thos. Crosbie.

The Dublin *Daily Express* and the *Evening Mail* having been purchased by Lord Ardilaun, considerable interest was taken in the probable changes which would be made in the staff. The various appointments have now been made. Mr. John E. Healy, B.A., has been appointed editor-in-chief of both newspapers, Mr. M'Peake and Mr. M'Naghten sub-editors of the *Express*, and Mr. J. H. Wright and Mr. R. Muggoe sub-editors of the *Mail*. In the reporting department, Mr. F. H. Wayland succeeds to the position of chief.

Mr. J. W. Beresford, late of the *Daily Express*, has been appointed to a position on the reporting staff of the *Irish Times*.

Mr. Joseph Fisher, Barrister-at-Law, London, has been appointed to the editorial chair of the *Northern Whig*, Belfast, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas MacKnight. Mr. Fisher, who has resided in London for many years, is a North of Ireland man. He has been a leader writer for the *Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, and has just published a book on "Finland and the Tzars," which deals with the political relations existing between this country and the Russians. He is also a member of the Irish Literary Society.

WALES.

The death took place on January 10th of Mr. John Griffith, Carnarvon, who for more than a quarter of a century was one of the best known journalists on the North Wales Coast. For nearly the whole of this time he was attached to the staff of the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*. He took considerable interest in Eisteddfodic and Welsh antiquarian matters, and was everywhere held in high esteem.

Mr. A. H. Parker, who for some years has occupied a prominent position on the literary staff of the *Western Mail*, has just been appointed official shorthand writer to the Cardiff Bankruptcy Court.

Mr. Horace T. Bailey, editor and proprietor of the *Monmouth Beacon*, has been placed on the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Monmouth.

## NEW BOOKS.

### THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.*

I have just finished reading, for the fifth or perhaps the sixth time, Borrow's "Bible in Spain." This is a one-volume reprint of the admirable edition by the late Mr. Ulick Ralph Burke, published three years ago. There is a little new matter by Mr. Herbert W. Greene, who saw that two-volume edition through the press; there is a useful map of Spain, showing Borrow's routes; and there are three good etchings of Toledo, the interior of the mosque at Cordova, and Segovia. What, however, one does desiderate is a few pages of introduction or appendix by Professor Knapp, the writer of the authoritative "Life of Borrow" (2 vols., John Murray, 1899). He devotes there over a hundred pages to Borrow's sojourn in the Peninsula, but his conclusions are by no means always identical with Mr. Burke's. Possibly, though, there were difficulties.

The "Unpublished Letters" are the lot that turned up in the crypt of the Bible House immediately after the publication of the Life, and since last July they have been appearing in the "Bible Society Monthly Reporter," with Mr. J. G. Watt for their editor. So far they extend from February, 1833, to October, 1834, and chiefly relate to Borrow's two years' stay at St. Petersburg, where he printed the Mantchu New Testament. They are of considerable interest, and raise the hope that the complete series may extend to four or five times the length of the existing instalment.

From all this new material, published during the last three years, one gets a good many fresh glimpses into Borrow's character; they are by no means invariably favourable. When, thirty years ago, I first read the "Bible in Spain," I took it for gospel. I had no great sympathy with the work described, but I had not one doubt of Borrow's sincerity. Now I have. The Germanist, William Taylor, "of Norwich," seems to have had a most pernicious influence on Borrow, and to have made him a priggish young atheist, so that, on 20th January, 1824, when he was not yet of age, he could write to his friend, Roger Kerrison:—

"But *nil desperandum est*; if ever my health mends, and possibly it may by the time my clerkship is expired, I intend to live in London, write plays, poetry, etc., abuse religion and get myself prosecuted, for I would not for an ocean of gold remain any longer than I am forced in this dull and gloomy town. I have no news to regale you with, for there is none abroad; but I live in the expectation of shortly hearing from you and being informed of your plans and projects. Fear not to be prolix, for the slightest particular cannot fail of being interesting to one who loves you far better than parent or relation, or even than the God whom bigots would teach him to adore, and who subscribes himself,—Yours unalterably,

"GEORGE BORROW."

Four months later he was "frequently threatening to destroy himself"; and the year 1830 found him "drifting on the sea of the world, and likely to be so." Then suddenly there must have been, or there should have been, a great conversion. From

SEGOVIA.

*One of the illustrations of the new edition of Borrow's "Bible in Spain," reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

the date of his employment by the Bible Society his letters (to his employers) are freely besprinkled with such little pietistic patches as:—

"Hamburg, August 4th, 1833.

. . . "I did not come, however, to the slightest harm, for the Lord took care of me through two of His instruments, Messrs. Weil and Valentin, highly respectable Jews of Copenhagen, who had been my fellow-passengers, and with whom I had in some degree ingratiated myself on board, in our intervals of ease, by conversing with them about the Talmud and the book Sohar. . . . Little can be said in commendation of the moral state of this part of the world; for rope-dancers were displaying their agility in the park to-day [Sunday], and the dancing saloons, which, I am informed, are most infamous places, are open to the public this evening."

"St. Petersburg, October 8/20, 1834.

. . . "Considerable progress has also been made in St. Mark's Gospel; and I will venture to promise, provided always the Almighty smiles upon the undertaking, that the entire work will be published within eight months from the present time."

Borrow sometimes a little overdid it, and the Rev. Joseph Jowett writes to him from the Bible House on 5th July, 1833, commenting on a phrase in his last letter at which "a humble Christian might not unreasonably take umbrage. It is where you speak of the prospect of becoming '*useful to the Deity, to man, and to yourself.*' Doubtless you meant *the prospect of glorifying God;* but the turn of expression made us think of such passages of Scripture as Job xxi. 2; xxxv. 7 and 8; Psalm xvi. 2 and 3."

Except a few letters to his mother, his love and care for whom is the finest feature in his character, we have no letters by Borrow to any of his personal friends at this period. But we have several to him from one of his friends, the Dane Hasfeldt, and these are full of port wine and Taglioni, and such-like mundane frivolities; they should never have been indited to an ardent young missionary. That probably Borrow never was, but he certainly did splendid service for the Society alike in Russia and in the Spanish Peninsula. Then he broke with it in 1840, and married his elderly moneyed widow, and settled down at Oulton to writing books. In 1872 he revised his Spanish-Gypsy version of St. Luke's Gospel for the Bible Society. I remember one of the officials speaking of

* "The Bible in Spain." By George Borrow. (John Murray.)
"Unpublished Letters of George Borrow." (British and Foreign Bible Society.)

him shortly afterwards to my father with some misgiving:—"I never cared much for discussing anything with Mr. Borrow in an upstairs room; he always seemed so likely to fling one out of the window."

Borrow all his life long was everlastingly posing. He posed, a small child, to the Jew pedlar, as he sat tracing mystic letters in the dust. He posed to the frizzled London waiter, when he ordered the bottle of claret. He posed to Abarbenel on the night road to Talavera; the whole "Bible in Spain" offers no more delightful example:—

"How is it that you know me to be an Englishman?" demanded I, much surprised.

"That is no difficult matter," replied the figure; "the sound of your voice was enough to tell me that."

"You speak of voices," said I; "suppose the tone of your own voice were to tell me who you are?"

"That it will not do," replied my companion; "you know nothing about me—you can know nothing about me."

"Be not sure of that, my friend; I am acquainted with many things of which you have little idea."

"*Por exemplo*," said the figure.

"For example," said I, "you speak two languages."

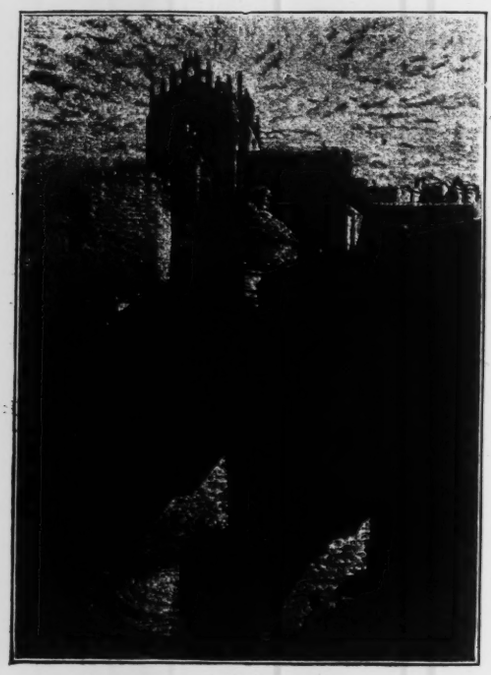
The figure moved on, seemed to consider a moment, and then said slowly, "*Bueno*."

"You have two names," I continued; "one for the house, and the other for the street; both are good, but the one by which you are called at home is the one which you like best."

The man walked on about ten paces, in the same manner as he had previously done; all of a sudden he turned, and taking the bridle of the *burra* gently in his hand, stopped her. I had now a full view of his face and figure, and those huge features and Herculean form still occasionally revisit me in my dreams. I see him standing in the moonshine, staring me in the face with his calm deep eyes. At last he said—

"Are you then *one of us?*"

There were the cities and countries which Borrow claimed to have visited, but in which he had never set foot—Kiachta, Shiraz, Moultan, Iceland, etc. There were the numberless languages of which he was perfect master; but he did not shine in the linguistic lunch that was given him at Constantinople in 1844. Chapter xxxvii., on the Basque language, in the "Bible in Spain," is utterly frantic; Mr. Burke dismisses it



TOLEDO.

*One of the illustrations of the new edition of Borrow's "Bible in Spain" reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.*

with the judicious remark that "modern linguistic science is so entirely at variance with these theories that it is difficult to add a note at once modest, instructive, or of reasonable length. On the whole it is perhaps better to leave the chapter entirely alone." Even of the Romany or Gypsy dialects Borrow's knowledge was only a smattering. He drew largely for his vocabularies on works by his predecessors, without acknowledgment; his "Romano Lavo-lil" (1874) is a farrago mostly of rubbish. Especially ludicrous are its translations from Genesis; line four could suggest nothing to the Gypsy mind but—"And God's broken-winded mare squatted upon the waters."

Towards his friends through life, who seem to have been few, Borrow was not generous; witness his proposed *Quarterly* article on Richard Ford's "Handbook for Spain." Ford had been a good friend to him, and "Mr. Borrow considers his promise to Mr. Ford sacred," so Mrs. Borrow wrote to John Murray; but the review he sent was absolutely unusable, and Lockhart was not allowed by him to tamper with it. Borrow had no liking for or interest in his brother writers. Scott he detested—perhaps, Dr. Knapp thinks, because he had sent a copy of his "Romantic Ballads" to Abbotsford, and had received no acknowledgment. He never refers to Thackeray or Tennyson, and to Dickens but once, in 1839, though then with high commendation. He was self-centred as probably no other author in the English language. Yet, with all this—and malice might spin out more—he has left one masterpiece, "Lavengro," and another book, "The Bible in Spain," which the world should never willingly let die. Where his chief charm lies it is not for me to determine. He sometimes wrote the most execrable grammar, *e.g.*, in this edition of the "Bible"—p. 57, "Six mounted banditti plundered whomsoever approached from either quarter," and p. 316, "Denouncing misery to whomsoever should purchase the accursed books." But as a rule his style is admirable—clear, simple, strenuous English. He had a marvellous knack of catching a character and of hitting off a scene; in all the rest of our literature there is no book exactly like "Lavengro."

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

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## PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON ENGLISH HISTORY.*

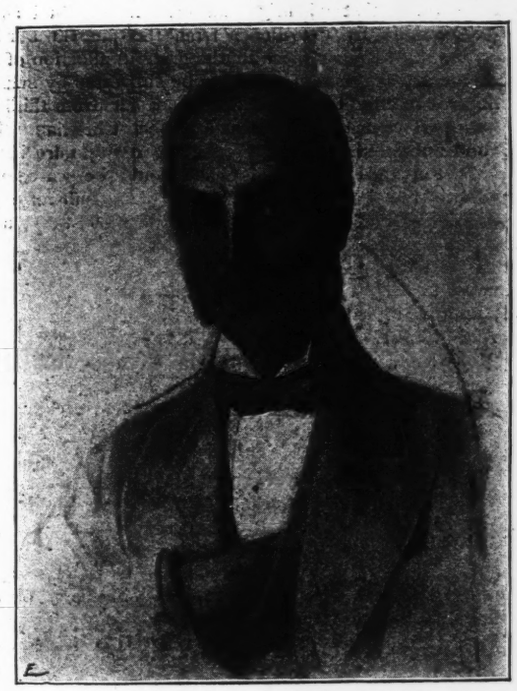
Professor Goldwin Smith has written a brilliant pamphlet in two volumes. Every page is interesting; style and thought are alike transparent; if there couches beneath no unfathomable deep, there hangs over all a clear sky, and we read with pleasure and recall for quotation the epigrams in which their author displays no less wit than learning. Very likely he that knows most of the Island-story will be readiest to praise the evidences of careful acquaintance with its documents made visible to us all through. But one fault mars a splendid piece of composition. The Professor gives us nearly eleven hundred pages, bristling with disputable assertions, open to controversy from the first line to the last—and not so much as a single reference—neither book, nor manuscript, nor man to whom we can have recourse when we would verify his statements. That is an extraordinary view of the relation between author and reader. Where would be the fame of Gibbon at this day, in spite of an incomparable text, had he declined to furnish proofs below the line? And how are students to find guidance or encouragement when so bountifully provided an historian is content to publish an enormous leading-article, which we take on trust, if at all? It is said that the printers do not like notes or references. But history without them is a snow-image; with them, if true and to the purpose, it is enduring marble. I hope,—but, of course, in vain,—that Professor Smith's new edition will be marble and not snow.

The work has singular merit. Outspoken, sometimes magisterial, sharp and stinging, but, on the whole, fair in its judgments, it will help to scatter some illusions, to revise certain legends, to trim the balance too rudely shaken by picturesque novelists like Froude, and by passionate eccentrics like Freeman. Its author has gained not a little in exchanging the insular standpoint for the wider outlook which Canada permits or enforces. He remembers America when he is drawing up his design. England becomes a chapter in the history of the world. Her significance for other nations must be sought in her discovery of constitutional government—"government, that is, with authority, but limited by law, controlled by opinion, and respecting personal right and freedom." The subject of these volumes is, therefore, identical with Hallam's, to whose treatment, as more judicial and not so biting, the preference must, I think, be given; yet Professor Smith adds many fascinating pages of his own which we should be sorry to lose. In the power of sketching men and manners he is Hallam's superior. I may be allowed to deprecate an

* "The United Kingdom. A Political History." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (London and New York: Macmillan and Co.)

occasional hard saying about the Catholic Church, and even to wish that the Professor would keep his collection of Papal documents up to date, for he speaks often of "The Encyclical," meaning a certain one of Pius IX.'s issued in 1864, as Rome's "latest utterance." These little slips have their Nemesis.

On the other hand, I shall be thought a partisan if I praise according to their deserts more than one correction vigorously applied to stories and impressions current this long while in English school-books. Yet the view that is now gaining ground appears to be well established in the State papers; and if



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.
*From a portrait by P. Sandys. Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.*

Professor Smith had quoted chapter and verse, as he ought to have done, his pleading would often be irresistible. For instance, in dealing with Henry VIII. and the Reformation he sweeps Froude into the street, and, while taking his peculiar line in theology, agrees, so far as the important facts are concerned, with Brewer and Gasquet. He is vehement on "the special infamy" of statutes which "violated the sanctuary of conscience and required not only submission but an oath of assent." And he says again, "rapacity, though gorged with the plunder of the monasteries, was not satisfied; the endowments of the universities, the chantries, the guilds, were at last placed in the King's clutches, and were for the moment saved by his death." Henry appears once more as the "jealous, suspicious, and bloodthirsty" tyrant which he surely was. On Mary Tudor we are treated to several pages of sound common sense; while Elizabeth is charged with misdemeanours, or even high crimes, against the national interest, and is exhibited as doing "everything in her power to expose the country defenceless to the enemy," during the stress and storm of the Armada. I quote these utterances, not in order to recommend them—they must stand or fall by the proofs offered us—but as illustrating Professor Smith's way of seeing the facts with his own eyes. To Cromwell he is certainly generous, yet he steers a middle course between Carlyle and Clarendon, quoting with approval Guizot's measured tribute to the Protector's intellect, good faith, and earnestness. What is still more notable, he has a word in extenuation of Laud's petty superstitions—the age rather than the man was open to criticism. Of the Restoration he speaks no more evil than it deserves; and his strictures on "Landlord Parliaments," from that which abolished feudalism, but made the nation pay for it, under Charles II., to that which was itself abolished in 1832, apply with little difference to our own time. In going over the canvas where William III. was painted by Macaulay, our artist tones down the glaring colours. William was neither a saint nor a fanatic, but, "a man of his century, a thoroughbred diplomatist and politician," whose religion consisted of "hatred to French aggrandisement and devotion to the independence of Europe." A grave charge is implied in such words as these "he is thought to have shown no extreme anxiety to prevent, no excess of moral delicacy in turning to his account, the murder of the brothers De Witt, the two leaders of the opposite party in Holland." But he did much to complete the transformation of the English monarchy from its earlier to its present shape; and the story of the hundred and thirty years following his death is little else than a commentary upon the Bill of Rights, traversed by attempts, reiterated yet doomed to failure, on the part of men like George III., to restore a past which had gone for ever.

We need not pursue the author across this second volume. It is, as might be expected, Whig or Liberal in its politics, Adam Smithian in its views of free trade and economics generally, but apprehensive or even timid when the latest phase of Democracy moves into sight; for a Constitution without safeguards does not promise well in the eyes of Professor Goldwin Smith. He utters a warning note against irresponsible and anonymous journalism. I must even signalise—and it is remarkable in a man of his orthodox economic principles—a suspicion more than once thrown out that the anti-Semites, whether of the thirteenth or the nineteenth century, had something to go upon which was not religious hatred but the instinct of self-defence. With a distinct reference to "Ivanhoe," he says, under the reign of Richard I., "instead of being, as historical novels represent him, down-trodden, despised, and crouching, the Jew was not less dreaded than he was hated. He lorded it over his debtors, built him a stately dwelling, and loved to display his wealth. Sometimes he even ventured to insult the national religion. . . Beholding the Jew's mansion, the Englishman said, as the Russian peasant says now, 'That is my blood!'" Edward I., as everyone is aware, banished the children of the Ghetto; and, observes our historian, "The Italian financier came in place of the Hebrew, and reaped a measure of the same hatred; but he did not threaten England with the perpetual ascendancy of an alien and unassociable race." We may subjoin that the chapter which portrays Edward I. at large is written with intense sympathy and unqualified admiration; perhaps it is the worthiest brief account of that great ruler anywhere to be found. What the perfervid Scotsman will say of it I do not venture on guessing; but no reader will deny its strength or eloquence. And here I must leave this characteristic piece of writing, which will stimulate thought where it does not convince, and I hope will set younger students on verifying for themselves the references that Professor Smith, or else the printer, declines to give us.

WILLIAM BARRY.

## GEORGE BUCHANAN.*

This is perhaps the most interesting volume of the Famous Scots Series, and it is certainly not the least valuable. As might have been expected, Dr. Wallace did not attempt to cram into the brief space at his disposal a formal biography of the great Scottish Humanist. Such a task would have been as uncongenial to him as it would have been unworthy of his brilliant intellectual gifts. The book, therefore, is an estimate of the man and of his work; and it is not until the sixth chapter is reached—a chapter which unhappily Dr. Wallace did not live to finish—that the reader is informed as to the date when, and the place where, Buchanan was born.

Those who are familiar with the laborious biography penned by David Irving, and the more comprehensive and altogether satisfactory one by Dr. Hume Brown, may search in vain through the present volume for any new material facts. Dr. Wallace, indeed, frankly disclaims all merit on this score. "I have been able to glean nothing from any quarter," he says, "that I have not found already known to Dr. Brown, and recorded by him, unless it be some such small fact as the presence of Joseph Scaliger in Edinburgh in 1566, along with his friend Chastaigner, but not expressly to see Buchanan; and other little things of that sort." It does not follow, however, that no fresh facts about Buchanan are yet to be gleaned. Concerning him there are unappropriated minor facts—such as the gift of the ward, non-entries, etc., of Strathyrie—still buried in the unpublished and uncalendared Scottish Records; and others—such as Mary's design to make him an abbot—only partially exhumed in the Calendars of State Papers. Dr.

* "George Buchanan." By Robert Wallace. Completed by J. Campbell Smith. (Famous Scots Series.) (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Wallace thus defines his own work :—"I do not pretend to contribute any fresh Buchanan materials. My object is the humble, but not, I hope, useless one of boiling down Dr. Brown and the other scientific biographers, and attempting a brief popular presentation of what Buchanan was and did." As regards the mere biographical facts this statement is, no doubt, strictly true; but if applied to the work as a whole it errs grievously in its modesty. Dr. Wallace has not only put the well-known facts in a new setting: he has interpreted them in a manner and with a power peculiarly his own. To him, Buchanan is the "Father of Liberalism," as well as a great scholar, political philosopher, and thinker. "In his prime, and even until his death, no one had an equal command over the universal ear of cultured Europe. To the rulers of his time he was worth what, say, fifty friendly editors of newspapers—including the *Times* and all the sixpenny weeklies, as far as they are worth anything—would be to a politician of to-day." Esteeming Buchanan so highly it is not surprising that much of this work is an elucidatory appreciation and defence of his principles and conduct. To enjoy this appreciation and defence, it is neither necessary to approve of all Buchanan's positions nor to accept all Dr. Wallace's interpretations.

There are a few slips in Dr. Wallace's posthumous work which might have been corrected had he been spared to complete it, revise it, and see it through the press. Two of these may be pointed out. It is erroneously affirmed that Buchanan aided "in drawing up" the "First Book of Discipline." That was done by the six Johns—Knox, Willock, Douglas, Wynram, Row, and Spottiswoode. Again, he says that Knox "did not discourage the belief that he could predict the future and had a good deal of the 'second sight' in him." On a memorable occasion, Knox indignantly repudiated the idea that he professed to know God's secret counsel, and explained that, in threatening judgments on notorious and unrepentant offenders, he was not going beyond the plain warrant of Scripture. It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Wallace is consciously unfair to Knox. He speaks of him as one "who was a statesman, and not the mere crazy fanatic and demagogue that he is sometimes mistaken for"; and asserts that in him the Earl of Morton "met a man who was not afraid of him, or any one, or anything else, and who was the one man in Scotland who was a stronger man than himself."

Sheriff Campbell Smith's part of the book, which extends to fully a fifth of the whole, is also written with much vigour, but fails in various ways to reach Dr. Wallace's higher level. The Sheriff is inclined to use exaggerated language and to indulge in absurd statements. His deliberate opinion of Knox will do more damage to his own reputation as a sage than to the Reformer's as a man or as a Christian, and will be accepted by no one who has really studied the history of the sixteenth century. It is true that in point of scholarship Knox was a long way behind Buchanan, but it is not true that, "in point of culture and of pure intellect and reason," he "was a small man—a rash, daring, half-educated schoolboy, compared with Buchanan." Those who do not know the learned Sheriff any better than he knows Knox may feel warranted in so comparing him with Dr. Wallace. "Knox," the Sheriff proceeds to explain, "could not have been great had he not been a destroyer. His most indelible historical records are the ruins of cathedrals and other religious houses, 'rooks' nests' requiring to be pulled down only in the judgment of blind superstition and rabid fanaticism." Knox's title to greatness depends quite as much on what he did in the way of building up the Reformed Church in Scotland as on what he did in overthrowing the tyranny and the corruptions of that other church in which he had been reared. It certainly does not depend on "the ruins of cathedrals and other religious houses." A number of the religious houses in Scotland were destroyed by the English, and some were sacked by the Scots themselves, before Knox had ever opened his mouth in public. Moreover, it has never been shown that Knox incited the populace, or "the rascal multitude," to demolish any church or cathedral, and there is reason to believe that several ecclesiastical buildings which are popularly supposed to have been destroyed at the Reformation were spared to a later age. But although every such building in Scotland had been razed to the foundation through Knox's preaching, it would not have justified the opinion that "Cardinal Beaton's mode of burning good true men" was "not very much worse."

Nor does the Sheriff show that he has mastered the case when he says of Beaton and Knox :—"Both alike were uncompromising enemies of individual freedom, and equally bent upon the suppression of all conscientious opinions that did not concur with their own." Beaton did not attempt to defend his ecclesiastical position or actions by reason or Scripture, whereas Knox was always ready to state and expound his principles, and to specify the ground on which he based them; and in the forefront of that "Confession of Faith" which he helped to frame, objectors are promised satisfaction from the Scriptures or reformation of that which is proved to be amiss. The Sheriff admits, no doubt, that Knox was a patriot; but he holds that Beaton was the same, and that "it might have been well had Scotland been liberated by Providence from the piebald burden of both of them." Knox's place in the grateful affection of his intelligent countrymen is too secure to be subverted by such a statement, or even by this other :—"I am far from thinking him to be a perfect man, much less a perfect Christian. His wild joy and unbridled merriment over the dying miseries of Cardinal Beaton and of Mary of Guise would be scarcely in harmony with the budding benevolence of a half-reformed cannibal." Knox regarded both the Cardinal and the Queen Regent as oppressors and their final exit as a deliverance. In recounting the tragedy of the one and the death of the other, he pretended to no pity and expressed no sorrow. He indeed cordially approved of the Cardinal's away-taking as a "godly fact." And after referring to the heat of the weather, the salt, the cope of lead, and the expected episcopal exequies, he added :—"These thingis we wreat mearelie." But neither "wild joy" nor "unbridled merriment" over the "dying miseries" of either the Cardinal or the Queen Regent is apparent in his narrative.

Sheriff Smith's time would have been much better employed in purging his own narrative of inaccuracies than in unrighteously and irrelevantly vilifying Knox; and the space he would have thus saved might have been profitably utilised in showing how Buchanan's "History" was drawn upon by later historians—how far even Spottiswoode, for example, could coolly borrow from him without acknowledgment.

D. HAY FLEMING.

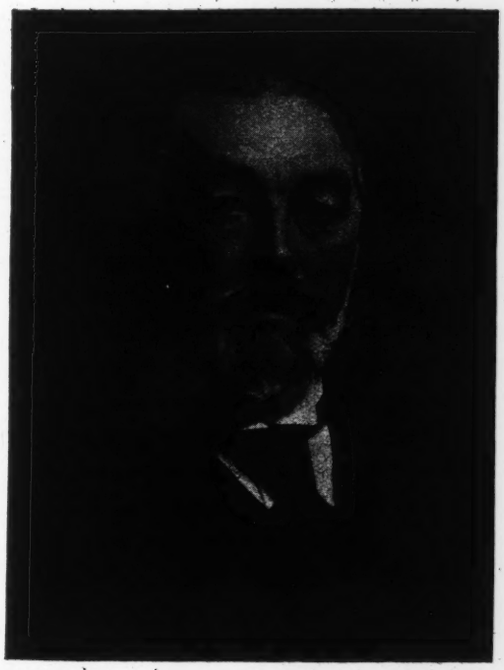
## RECENT LITERARY CRITICISM.*

Professor Winchester justly observes that most modern criticism is empirical, expressive merely of the likes and dislikes of the critic. He might have added that even when criticism wears a scientific aspect it is usually but empiricism at one remove, and that the apparent judge is in truth the disguised advocate. We shall seldom find a critic heartily commending an author whose person or whose principles he detests, though theoretically he must admit that this is no reason why the work should be of other than the highest literary quality. Yet Professor Winchester is undoubtedly right in asserting that "objective criticism must be based upon some general principles superior to the caprice of the individual, grounded in reason, and confirmed by general assent." His treatise may be described as an endeavour to ascertain and apply such principles. It is distinguished by excellent sense and excellent taste. If some of the maxims enforced appear elementary, it must be remembered that the book has grown out of a course of college lectures, and that many collegians will benefit exceedingly by having it impressed upon them that unity is essential to a work of art, and that one mean word may spoil a fine piece of writing. The most important of the principles on which Professor Winchester insists is that so powerfully expounded by Matthew Arnold, that the greatness of the work depends largely upon the worth of the subject matter. Coarse and sordid details may be allowable as foils and accessories; but Duncan's grooms can never be as interesting as Duncan. Professor Winchester's testimony is the more valuable inasmuch as he is no idealist, but a realist in so far as he earnestly admonishes the author to keep in touch with his age. Some of his remarks on this head might even be misconstrued if he did not show by the passages he selects for citation that he does not consider Browning's Andrea del Sarto, for instance, to be void of relation to the nineteenth century because the scene is laid in the sixteenth.

* "Some Principles of Literary Criticism." By C. T. Winchester, Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University. (Macmillan.)
"Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other literary estimates." By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)

A cautious and moderate expositor, he has felt the need of guarding his statements by qualifications which occasionally impair their force; on the other hand, he may have been too peremptory in treating the difficult problem of harmonising moral purpose with æsthetical requirements. It is evident that of two productions equal in art but dissimilar in ethics, the one exalted by a noble moral must be greater than one devoid of moral, or morally pernicious. But it is equally incontestable that, given two works artistically unequal, the more æsthetically perfect of the two, moral, unmoral, or anti-moral, must take precedence of the other as literature; and this demonstrates that the literary standard is not ethical but artistic.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's literary estimates show how excellent a book of criticism can be produced without rules, if only the critic possesses the great qualities of generous appreciation and instinctive correctness of judgment. No one can praise more heartily than Mr. Harrison, but his praise is no more indis-



*From Photo by]* MR. FREDERIC HARRISON. *[Russell & Sons.*

criminate than it is feeble. Were his censure more scathing, he would remind us strongly of Macaulay. His animated style, though far less highly wrought, belongs to the same species, and the criticisms of both enjoy in common the inestimable gift of a broad and deep foundation of common sense. Subtlety and exquisite felicity are rarely associated with this masculine vigour; but if Mr. Harrison makes no discoveries, he admirably sets forth the mean of educated opinion, the settled conviction which follows an era of debate. In his judgments on Tennyson, on Ruskin, on Matthew Arnold, Mr. Harrison has admirably hit this mean; not only are his cordial admiration and his gentle censure usually right in themselves, but they are skilfully balanced to produce a general impression of acquiescence in the critic's equity, and a satisfactory conviction that although glimpses of deeper insight may yet be vouchsafed, the substantial truth of the matter is actually before us. If we differ, it is only now and then on some minor point. We cannot, for instance, bring ourselves to regret the occasional exuberance of Mr. Ruskin; if he had never strained his incomparable resources of language, we should never have known how vast those resources were. Nor can we quite allow that the "Idylls of the King" are justly preferred to Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." Any superiority in the character-drawing of the former poem seems to us simply to arise from the advantage which Tennyson enjoys in copying ancient models, while Shelley's personages, like Spenser's, are creatures of the imagination. The Revolt is at all events a whole from which nothing can be taken without loss, while several of the Idylls would never have been missed if they had never been found. We can scarcely doubt that Tennyson's reputation would on the whole have stood higher if no addition had been made to the four published in 1857. Such seems to be Mr. Harrison's opinion; and, except when, as in the case of "In Memoriam," religious or philosophical prejudice intervenes, we cannot commend too highly the mingled reverence and candour of his attitude towards Tennyson, at once prudently deferring to and gently stemming the reaction inevitable in the case of one whose fame, if not higher than due to his individual desert, has yet been disproportionate in relation to some of his predecessors and contemporaries. We especially sympathise with Mr. Harrison's outburst of admiration of the noble and too little appreciated Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. It might have been remarked that the sublime lines quoted with particular admiration, "Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest?" etc., are an imitation of a still more sublime passage in Isaiah xiv. 9-11. But an adaptation so felicitous almost rises to the height of original invention.

The essays on Ruskin, on Arnold, on Gibbon's Memoirs and Letters exhibit the same sanity and spirit as the essay on Tennyson. In those on the methods of history, as exemplified in Freeman and Froude, Mr. Harrison takes a middle position between the contending schools which these names typify in England. "The more sound research," he admirably says, "we can have the better, provided we know how to use it with sense. The evil comes in when research into myriads of special periods, topics, institutions, is mistaken for history, supersedes history, chokes off serious history." One of the most valuable essays is that on John Addington Symonds, not because it is more elaborate than the rest, but because no such comprehensive view of Symonds's life-work is to be found elsewhere. It is an admirable study. We cannot, however, concur with Mr. Harrison in censuring the absence from Symonds's "Italian Renaissance" of any account of Italian scientific development, which could only have come from a man of science. To treat Italian medicine and mathematics as thoroughly as Italian poetry and art would need two lives and two brains.

RICHARD GARNETT.

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## TWO GOOD BOOKS ON INDIA AND THE FAR EAST.*

Great Britain has, on the whole, been fortunate in the twenty-seven men who have created and administered its Indjan Empire. In the hundred and thirty years from Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General (1774), to Lord Curzon, the present Viceroy and Governor-General, only five of these have been condemned by historical experts as unequal to the highest office in the gift of the Crown next to the Prime Minister of the whole Empire. These are Lord Amherst (1823) and Lord Auckland (1836), Lord Ellenborough (1842) and Lord Lytton (1876), and Lord Ripon (1880). The first bungled the first Burmese War and emptied the treasury; he was saved by Sir Thomas Monro, Governor of Madras. The second was the author of the first Afghan War, with its foolish injustice, military incompetence, and horrible disasters. The third was recalled just in time to save India. The fourth resigned after the second Afghan War, or he too would have been recalled. Lord Ripon still lives, and it is too early to judge historically his application of English Radicalism to the government of an alien dependency of three hundred millions of people sixteen thousand miles away. Generally it may be asserted, with perfect impartiality, that Amherst, Auckland, and Ripon were weak, that Ellenborough was strong only in conceited and dangerous impulse, and that Lytton has hitherto been considered to have combined both the weakness and the rash vanity of the other four.

This portly volume of 552 pages royal octavo has been compiled by Lord Lytton's daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, with singular literary skill as well as impartiality. Her father, in his will, requested Lady Lytton to publish "a complete record of my Indian Administration," with the assistance of some statesman or competent writer. Sir John Strachey, whom he

* 1. "The History of Lord Lytton's Administration, 1876 to 1880. Compiled from Letters and Official Papers." By Lady Betty Balfour. 18s. With Portrait and Map. (Longmans, Green and Co., 1899.)

2. "Ralph Fitch, England's Pioneer to India and Burma: His Companions and Contemporaries. With his remarkable narrative told in his own words." By J. Horton Ryley. 10s. 6d. With nineteen illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin, 1899.)

made his finance minister, and who was responsible in a subordinate degree for many of his acts, began the work with cordial zeal, but was stopped by his physician. With his occasional assistance, however, Lady Betty Balfour has produced a better book than that doctrinaire Comtist could have done, if the vindication of her father's memory were the object. In these circumstances it is not desirable to review the volume in detail. Each of the two great political parties of the State has been responsible for one or other of the five Governor-Generals we have grouped together. India should be outside of parties, and it is save as to patronage. So impartial is this book that it opens with the statement that Lord Lytton declined the Governorship of Madras early in 1875 because his doctor assured him that "he could not with safety accept such a post." Eight months after he accepted the Viceroyalty at the hands of his father's friend, Mr. Disraeli, although he confessed the absence of "that physical soundness and strength which might otherwise have helped to counteract his inexperience of all *administrative* business and his ignorance at the outset of Indian affairs."

The two Afghan Wars form the blackest pages in our history. In all respects, their beginning, their injustice, their collapse, their waste of the blood and treasure of the peoples of India and of England, and their evil effect on our national prestige among Asiatics and in relation to Russia, which is at root Asiatic, they resemble each other, save only that Sir Donald Stewart and Lord Roberts, then his second in command, atoned for the military incompetence of General Elphinstone and his advisers in the first war. Gladly did I turn to this volume, and read every page in the hope that Lord Lytton would be seen to have been justified, or at least to be less worthy of condemnation than he seemed to be at the close of his four years' administration. Side by side with the letters to the Queen and the dispatches and letters to the India Office and Sir James F. Stephen, I have placed that summary of the Blue Books which the Duke of Argyll and Lord (John) Lawrence issued in 1879 under the title of "Causes of the Afghan War." Cognisant of much else in India during these four eventful years, which saw Sir Louis Cavagnari and the young Aberdonian Jenkins and others butchered in Kabul, I have sought for excuses and possibly new facts to relieve the tale of blood or shift it to other shoulders. I must still side with these statesmen and with the minority of Lord Lytton's colleagues, three against four, namely, Sir William Muir, Sir Henry Norman, and Lord Hobhouse, all still surviving. I go further and regretfully say that this impartial volume, due to filial duty, adds to the weight of responsibility incurred by Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield, who selected and sent him out for a definite purpose. Should the official and private papers of the late Sir Charles Aitchison ever see the light—I read those relating to this war at the time—the full truth will be told, completing what the Blue Books began and this volume has only increased.

Beside that war, it cannot be said that the South Indian famine of 1877-8 is a small event, for three millions of people perished, many from delayed or insufficient relief. But at least we owe to Sir John Strachey's terrible experience then the Famine Code and Insurance Fund which have prevented a recurrence of such dismal political economy. Nor can it be said that the rash ignorance which led to the appointment of fifty-four statutory native civilians has been justified by such results as I recently witnessed in India—whole districts half ruined by some of them, and others dismissed for corruption. The object of the Vernacular Press Act and Press Commissioner was good, but its methods have been abolished, and the ordinary criminal law as to sedition has been enacted in clearer terms. One bright chapter relieves these pages. Lord Lytton, who went so far as to telegraph to his predecessor, Lord Northbrook, three days before he could assume office at Calcutta, to suspend the mission of Sir Robert Sandeman to Khelat, was converted to the policy which has ever since made Baloochistan the strong feudatory buffer which the forward policy destroyed in Afghanistan. I thank Lady Betty Balfour for her invaluable contribution to the history of India. It would have been still more complete if the affairs of Burma at that time had been dealt with.

In Ralph Fitch, whose Irish representatives spell the name Fytche, we have the first Englishman who went not only to India proper, but to Burma, and returned after eight years' absence to tell the story and take a part in organising the first East India Company. Thomas Stevens or Stephens, of the Society of Jesus and St. John's College, Oxford, who helped Fitch when he was in prison in Goa, was the first Englishman who went to India and died there as a missionary at Salsette. He went out in a Lisbon fleet in 1579; Fitch accompanied Newberie, Leedes, and Storie in the Levant Company's ship *Tiger* in 1583, parted from them at Akbar's Windsor, Fatehpore Sikri, and went on to Serampore, Burma, and Malacca, returning as he went by the Persian Gulf, Aleppo, and Tripoli to London. There he became the referee and guide of Queen Elizabeth's East India Company's "Adventurers" for the next fifteen years, down to their third voyage. Best of all, it was he whose narrative, here reproduced in the original spelling from Hakluyt, influenced Shakespeare, whose line in Act I., Scene III. of Macbeth refers to him:

"Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tyger*."

So Milton was influenced. Ralph Fitch, by such literary and historical importance, by his combined heroism and shrewdness, is worthy of the beautiful and elaborated volume in which, with most loving and learned care, Mr. J. Horton Ryley has introduced him to the modern English-reading public. Those who were not familiar hitherto with the "Principall Navigations" of Archdeacon Richard Hakluyt, the father of modern geography, who gave "the first impetus to colonisation," will rejoice to possess this accurate and admirably illustrated edition of the narrative of the voyages of "M. Ralph Fitch, Marchant of London," by the way of Tripolis in Syria to Ormus, and so to Goa, to Cambay, and the empire of Akbar, the Great Mogor, to Bengala and Pegu, to Siam and Malacca, to Ceylon and Cochin, began in 1583 and ended in 1591. More than twenty years have passed since Professor M. Monier-Williams urged the republication in a modern form, illustrated and annotated like Sir Henry Yule's "Marco Polo." Mr. J. Horton Ryley has made a successful attempt, in its measure, to do this. His sketches of Fitch's companions and contemporaries form a bright setting for the narrative. The book worthily spans the historical and commercial bridge from 1583 to 1899, from Queen Elizabeth's letters to Akbar and to "the King of China" to the sixty-third year of the reign of the Queen-Empress Victoria, suzerain of almost all Southern Asia from Egypt and Aden to Mandalay and Wei-hai-wei. GEORGE SMITH.

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## THE REAL FRENCH REVOLUTIONIST.*

From one point of view Mr. Jephson's book must be accounted careful, well-compiled, and useful. Among the revolutionary records of La Vendée he has made the closest search, and has gathered a large mass of material, some of it already well known, some of it brought to light for the first time in our day, respecting the war between the Republican forces and the Vendeans. One side of the tale he has told most effectively, and though the same side has had many popular expositions before, it has been more served by sentimental effusions than by hard facts and abundant detail. Whether we grieve or rejoice that the cause of the Vendeans was practically lost, their fight was a heroic and a noble one that it is good to hear of. That they were met, in the name of modern progress and enlightenment, by ferocious cruelty and insane rigour is notorious. Just to what lengths many of the republicans in their mad orgy of unlimited power went, Mr. Jephson's book is here to tell. We do not dare to call his assertions exaggerated. He has a brief for the Vendeans, but he has built up his case in great part from statements and avowals of the other side. It is an awful chapter of human history, and Mr. Jephson has not blackened any page of it over much.

He has attempted more than a narrative, however—nothing less than a final judgment of the entire French Revolution by the acts of the republican officials and soldiers in La Vendée. He has attempted to define that indefinable, mysterious being the "real French Revolutionist"; at least, he finds the essentials of him in the irresponsible monsters that the excitement of the time and the sudden chances of power produced out of ill-balanced natures. "The revolutionist," he says, "was an impostor of the very highest rank . . . all his high-sounding declarations and affirmations of liberty, equality, and fraternity were but cloaks for the gratification of his own ambition, the advancement of his own interests, the indulgence of his own

* "The Real French Revolutionist." By Henry Jephson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

passions, and for every infamy which the mind of man could conceive, or the hand of man could perpetrate." To deal with a great, many-sided, many-faced event like the French Revolution, with its hundreds of causes, its hundreds of effects, in this spirit is pure childishness. And the reasoning of the following statement, typical of Mr. Jephson's powers when he is not dealing with concrete facts, even a child could refute: "For if one finds that a system of government, however theoretically admirable, when put into actual operation and practice, works out diametrically opposite to the theories on which it is based, it is only natural that the soundness of the system should be vitally impugned." Even with facts, when he uses them to calculate causes, or make inferences, he is not to be trusted. He minimises in an absurd degree the ideal of monarchy in the Vendeans' faith. A religious war was theirs, he says. Quite so. But "Roi" was never quite distinguishable from "Dieu" in their creed or their battle-cry.

"The Real French Revolutionist," worthless from one point of view, showing an almost unusual incapacity for dealing with a situation broadly, philosophically, is yet a notable book, in that it is written by one who feels strongly, and who hates cruelty with a noble hatred. He damages his case by presenting the monstrous as the typical, as the essential, but he does not bring one black sin to the revolutionists' doors that they, or their creatures, did not in those wild hours commit. A. M.

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## THE CITY OF HEROD AND SALADIN.*

It says a good deal both for the authors and their public that this book in its twentieth year reaches its fourth edition. Clearly the popular interest in the Crusades is strong, and in the curious absence of any comprehensive and readable history in English, Sir W. Besant's pleasant makeshift proves still acceptable. Having just read it carefully all through, I cannot call it either adequate or satisfactory, but am unwilling to judge it by a severe standard. In truth he has never claimed the reputation of a historian, nor cultivated the arts on which alone it could rest. All he did was evidently this. Attacking his vast subject —the history of the Holy City from the year 30 to the present time—without adequate preparation, he collected, partly from the voluminous but very accessible authorities, and probably still more from previous compilations, the main body of facts, and then proceeded to string them together in his usual airy, offhand, popular style. Few, let us hope, would have attempted such an audacious task; fewer still, we must own, would have succeeded in it half so well. His facts are minute, faithfully transcribed, and popularly presented; in several points, especially the Latin Kingdom, many had not appeared before in English. But of the true historical spirit, of just proportion and perspective, of critical judgment, of mature and reasoned knowledge of his subject or any part of it, I see little or nothing. Dealing with authorities so rich in lies, he does not scruple to spice his narrative by inserting, sometimes with a perfunctory *caveat* of doubt, what a moment's reflection must have shown him were monstrous exaggerations or fictions. Thus, in spite of his occasional deductions, his figures of population, of armies, of slain, and so forth—are enough to lash the meekness of Mr. Round to fury. Of the style, its commonplace ornament, its flippancy, its perfect cheerfulness, and clearness, enough that it is not meant to charm the critics, but the honest householders who batten on daily newspapers, and for them it is more than good enough. On the other hand, I would speak with respect of the shrewd judgment and extreme fairness of the author whenever he finds time to form or express an opinion. The story of Jerusalem, as he and others have read it, and perhaps even as he has unavoidably written it, is enough to sicken any religious soul with the very name of religion; but his tone is admirable, and can hardly offend the weaker brethren, who believe in Holy Cities, because they have not yet read their history. Refusing altogether to connect the Gospel Narrative with the repulsive story he has to tell, he preserves a reverent reticence, and it is only now and then that the ignorance, impudence, and wickedness of Christian, Jew or Mohammedan provoke him to protest. On some of these passages, which breathe a spirit of manly, sincere and reasonable religion, and in which he rises to unaffected and persuasive eloquence, I have dwelt with respectful admiration.

The Mohammedan chapters were written by a martyr of research, the ever to be lamented Professor Palmer. They are scarcely worthy of his brilliant reputation, and were indeed an early, if not immature work. In them he brought together a great mass of facts, many hitherto accessible only to Orientalists, but had not yet acquired the art of marshalling them, or his colleague's skill in embellishment. Hence many of his pages, especially of dynastic history, are dry and confusing.

In this edition poor Palmer's account of the modern city has been withdrawn as now obsolete, and a short and by no means illuminating chapter on the latest discoveries substituted. Indeed, the serious defect of the book is that, abounding as it does in allusions to the controverted Sites, there is no clear description of the topography, nor even—marvellous to relate—a single ground plan of the city. Y. Y.

* "Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin." By W. Besant and E. H. Palmer. Fourth edition, enlarged. (Chatto and Windus.)

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## MR. OLIPHANT ON SOME VICTORIAN NOVELISTS.*

One hundred and twenty pages of this little volume are taken up with an unqualified eulogy or defence of George Eliot, and a slightly toned down panegyric of George Meredith. What is left, not quite so much again, runs over the works and achievements of eight well-known artists in prose fiction, beginning with Sir Walter Scott and ending with Mr. Zangwill. The selection is not determined by any very definite principles. But Mr. Oliphant betrays the influence of recent criticism, and owes a good deal to the French school which looks upon the romance or the novel as a picture intended to represent life—that is to say, character, incident, and heredity—with or without an added interpretation. For him the novel is, first and before all things, a work of art. This true consideration leads him now and then to judge of our great English writers as though they did themselves wrong in making use of the novel for satire, instruction, or reform. He is severe on Walter Scott, to whom romance-writing was not yet much more than amusement, paid for in abundant cash. Almost we hear Carlyle's harsh accents when "impromptu novels" are made a charge against the Squire of Abbotsford. It is remarkable that Mr. Oliphant, though writing from Edinburgh, prefers the historical tales to "Guy Mannering" and "The Heart of Midlothian." He makes out a strong case, nevertheless. On Charles Dickens he passes a judgment that leaves the "inimitable"—as he was not unwilling to be styled—only his broad farcical humour and powers of description; he had little pathos, and that of a low order; he never reached the "inner core of humanity"; and he scarcely ever drew a character which was real. Thackeray comes in for a sharper condemnation as a man; but he was a consummate artist, succeeding in the creation of types, in his natural dialogue, and in one splendid masterpiece, the story of Henry Esmond. On the whole, Mr. Oliphant takes a view not unlike M. Taine's of our supreme satirist.

Jane Austen, he goes on to say, has exercised a more powerful influence over English writers of fiction during the last sixty years than Balzac, George Sand, or V. Hugo. It may be so; yet one would like to hear Charlotte Brontë on that subject; and we will ask whether it was Miss Austen who inspired "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss." I am quite at one with Mr. Oliphant in his reckoning of the two immortal Georges, and heartily agree when he pleads for their conception of the novel as among the highest forms of art, equal in its demands no less than in its range and effect to epic or tragedy. It is well we should realise the ascent of prose fiction, from a mere pastime and second-rate performance addressed to the unthinking, to the place which it now holds. George Eliot or George Meredith demands to be judged according to the canons of poetic composition; and why should it seem unfair if they require of their audience as deep an attention as is now willingly bestowed on the music-drama of Bayreuth? They have undoubtedly, both of them, aimed beyond the loftiest flights of Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray. So much, I believe, Mr. Oliphant proves. He is, perhaps, a little wanting in gratitude towards the masters of an earlier and less artistic period; in his recognition of the later I am not sure that he is more generous than just. His volume, not meant for experts, is thoughtful, independent, and worth reading.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Victorian Novelists. By James Oliphant, M.A. (London; Blackie and Son.)

## MASSON'S CHATTERTON.*

Professor Masson's biography of Chatterton, though given to the world for the third time, now first appears as an independent publication. Even when associated with other essays, it gained a fame which must render its appearance as a distinct work acceptable to an extensive public. There may be other biographies of Chatterton in which the fruits of research have been more conspicuously paraded; there are none in which research itself has been more accurate and exact. Others may have written of "the marvellous boy" with more superficial enthusiasm, none with a tenderer and deeper spirit of humanity. Nothing can be added to Professor Masson's history, or corrected in his estimate, and indeed there are few men of genius respecting whom opinion is more unanimous than Chatterton. All recognise in him the most extraordinary

*From Photo by]* PROF. DAVID MASSON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

literary phenemenon that the world ever saw, whether from the point of view of the merit of his pseudo-archaic poems, of their astounding precocity, of their independence of contemporary taste and current poetical creeds, or of their significance as prefigurements of the coming literary revolution. When, for the sake of a livelihood, he strove to conform himself to this taste and these creeds, he displayed surprising mental agility and versatility, but revealed at the same time that he was conscious of no inspiration from on high; and that, however finely he might have written, he could never by greatness of soul or by potency of salutary influence have ranked in the first order of poets. He had the genius to have in large measure anticipated the work of Scott, Wordsworth, and Burns; but the character was wanting. Professor Masson's comparison of him to a meteor falling earthward is not more picturesque than just.

RICHARD GARNETT.

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## GEORGE SELWYN.†

The curiosity which George Selwyn has always aroused, and the number of books in which he figures, are remarkable instances of the power of wit and breeding to perpetuate celebrity, even when the personage concerned is distinguished neither by his deeds nor by his writings. Selwyn's life is barren of remarkable actions, and he now appears for the first time as a writer, even of private letters. Many letters *to* him have been published by his biographer, Jesse, but of letters *from* him there has been an almost total dearth until the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission recently brought to light the existence of a large number addressed to Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, among the family papers at Castle Howard. Mr. Roscoe and his coadjutor, perceiving the interest of these documents, applied to the Earl of Carlisle for permission to publish a selection, and, cordially and generously aided by his lordship, have produced what, upon comparison with the volume issued by the Commission, appears to be an eminently judicious anthology. The incident is highly interesting as an indication of the epistolary treasures concealed among old family papers, of the service which the Commission is rendering in bringing them to light, and of the desirability of expanding its operations. A selection from the most valuable documents which it has hitherto printed *in extenso* would make a very valuable book, as also would the complete publication of many which it has merely calendared. It would, of course, be expedient to publish these volumes in more attractive guise than the original Blue Books, though they need not be so pretty as Mr. Roscoe's and Miss Clergue's.

The preservation of the letters which will give Selwyn's memory another lease of life is due to the most amiable trait in his character, his affection for his friends. In 1767, Lord Carlisle, then nineteen, is referred to as "your new friend," and from then to the day of his own death Selwyn was his constant Mentor and correspondent, unaffectedly interested in whatever concerned him, and extending this regard to all the members of his family. At the same time he had numbers of other intimate friends with whom he corresponded less copiously, or who did not preserve his letters with equal care. The general qualification for membership of this group seems to have been propensity to all fashionable dissipations, and obedience to a social code rigid only as regarded good manners and the discharge of debts of honour. Carlisle was a man of a higher order. His taste in art was evinced by his purchase of a large portion of the Orleans Gallery; his experiments in authorship, though creditable to his ambition, were unfortunate in so far as, without adding much to his reputation, they laid him open to the unprincipled resentment of Byron, who, having quarrelled with him, turned a compliment into a lampoon. Byron afterwards admitted that he had done Carlisle "some wrong"; the latter's intentions, nevertheless, seem to have been better than his performances. He wrote a poem dissuading Lady Holland on the highest grounds from accepting the bequest of Napoleon's snuff-box; the moral effect, however, was much impaired by the unauthorised addition of an unknown writer:—

> Lady, accept the gift a hero wore
> In spite of all this philanthropic stuff:
> Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
> Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff.

Literature would appear almost the last care of the Selwyn circle so far as revealed by their correspondence, which is nevertheless far from exhausting the catalogue of their interests in life. Were we, however, in possession of all they thought and all they wrote, there can be little doubt that the master passion would then, as now, appear to be gambling. Politics might seem a good second, but it is to be considered in the first place that the fashionable senators of that age were gamblers by inclination and politicians by necessity, having to defend their sinecures; secondly, that their politics were but a form of gambling. Charles Fox, equally eminent in both capacities, is by far the most interesting; and the traits that come to light amply confirm all that has been said of his extraordinary recklessness, and his no less extraordinary independence and sweetness of character. Selwyn thought him negligent even of the obligations of honour. "I have contrived," he says, "to wrench out of Charles's black hands fifty pounds for Spencer by watching the opportunity of his play." Selwyn himself was by no means incapable of taking a just view of public affairs, but, as a placeholder, was necessitated to vote with the Government while he agreed with the Opposition, a position to which he accommodated himself with much grace. As to the people, if the rule *de apparentibus* admitted of no exceptions, we should be obliged to conclude that at that period the British public had no existence. The merit of the letters as letters is simply to be lively and amusing, which they certainly are, though they have not the distinction which might have been anticipated from Selwyn's enthusiastic devotion to Madame de Sevigné. Collectively they have real value as an unconscious portraiture of a caste living merely for pleasure, and yet invested with substantial political power. Now and then we obtain an interesting side-light upon some person of

* "Chatterton." A Biography. By David Masson, LL.D. New and revised edition. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "George Selwyn, his Letters and his Life." Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. (T. F. Unwin.)

real mark; it is pleasant, for instance, to be introduced to Beckford before he has written "Vathek," or to hear Gibbon delivering weighty testimony to the merits of Amyot's Plutarch. Selwyn's dubious daughter, "Mie Mie," is the constant theme of his touching tenderness. It is known that she ultimately married Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, the Monmouth of "Coningsby" and the Lord Steyne of "Vanity Fair." As little has been or can be said to extenuate the vices of this nobleman, it may be worth recording that a letter of his was in the autograph market some years ago which seemed to prove that in contracting this mercenary union he yielded to compulsion from his father.

A book like this requires, and has received, an infinity of illustration. The editors seldom leave us uninformed respecting any person mentioned in the text; if we point out a few errors, it is not because they are important, but as an incentive to the thorough revision required by every book dealing with a host of half-forgotten personages. In the note on p. 8, Maria Fagniani ("Mie Mie") is said to have married Lord Yarmouth in 1792, instead of 1798, and to have afterwards lived with "Marshal Androche." The person intended is no doubt General Andoche Junot. "Tailbout" immediately following is a misprint for "Taitbout." Viscount Bolingbroke (p 37, note) cannot have been married six years after his death; probably 1793 is a misprint for 1773. The Lord George described as a bridegroom in March, 1782 (p. 217), is not Lord George Germaine, as the index makes him, but Lord George Cavendish. There seems some omission or misreading in the mention of the Duke of Cumberland on the next page. The trivial oversight of putting a dash after 16 on page 77, instead of before it, may send careless readers a hundred years astray.

RICHARD GARNETT.

## NOVEL NOTES.

DONNA TERESA. By Frances Mary Peard. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is excellent work in Miss Peard's new book, work that is vigorous, crisp, and enjoyable. Her central character, Donna Teresa, is well conceived, well carried out, and interesting withal. Moreover, we like her, though we regard her forcing on of Sylvia's marriage with Wilbraham in a much more serious light than does Miss Peard. We will not say it was an ingenious way of getting a fool of a sister off her hands. But every time she covered or slurred over Sylvia's foolishness before her lover she juggled with her conscience in a parlous fashion. Perhaps Sylvia's stupidity is exaggerated. She appears just on the border line of idiocy, and if that were so, even to allow Wilbraham, without remonstrance, to propose to her was a crime. Wilbraham was a stiff prig, but a prig with a rather important future. Would such an imbecile have been capable of the insight and the heroism of the end? Some may doubt. By intensifying the idiocy of the amiable Sylvia Miss Peard has shaken several portions of her story. Yet we do not take back our praise for the vigorous sketches of life, the clear-cut portraits, and the general ability of "Donna Teresa." The Roman background is effective, and our only regret with regard to any of the minor characters is that we see so little of the irreconcilable Cesare.

A PASSING FANCY. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. 6s. (John Long.)

A widow of forty odd, her lover of thirty, the widow's unworthy son, and the son's fiancée—these are the principal persons introduced to us in the first few pages of Mrs. Lovett Cameron's new novel; but it is not long before their relationship towards each other suffers radical changes. How it happens that the widow's lover, after proposing to her vainly at least once a year for nearly twenty years, marries her son's fiancée, and in his subsequent misery learns that the widow had loved him all the while; and how all this tangled skein is ultimately unravelled, and two lives that seemed to have been ruined end in happiness, it would be unfair to the authoress to disclose here in detail. It is sufficient to say that from such slight material Mrs. Cameron has spun a fresh and entirely interesting story with all her accustomed deftness of touch and easy charm of manner. The generous, practical widow, so much younger than her years, and her comparatively young suitor, so much older than his, are cleverly and sympathetically characterised, and the book has the cardinal and by no mean common merit of being thoroughly readable throughout.

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

It would seem that though we may be a sad people in this somewhat grey island of ours, we are not obstinate in the matter; we can go quite half way to meet a cheerful thing when the chance occurs. In Mr. Pett Ridge's latest book we get this chance, and we give the volume a most cordial welcome. When first we saw this author's work—several years ago—we feared, even as we enjoyed it, that he himself would become one of a *clique*, would lose his freshness, would allow cynicism to creep into his fun—it is so fatally easy to acquire this fault when one sees with clear eyes which are not quite wide enough. Mr. Pett Ridge, however, has lost neither his freshness nor his kindliness with time, and he sees things and persons with a large eye. Here, in a series of sketches, he writes of life in a London suburb; beginning with a chapter on "The Crescent" itself, and going on to tell the stories of the individual families dwelling there. As in the book the writer is one with them—friend and neighbour of those he writes of—so one feels throughout that he never for an instant stands aloof from his characters to laugh at or scorn their foibles or failings. There are fun, pathos, and tenderness in the stories. Mr. Pett Ridge sees that even in a commonplace suburb the main levers of life are at work—Love, Ambition, Shame, Sacrifice—and he realises that these may underlie or overlay one another till beauty is often hidden by an ugliness, and ugliness covered by a deception; and that both cases may be treated with some tenderness. George Eliot, speaking of Mr. Gilfil in "Scenes of Clerical Life," says: "It is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow." Mr. Pett Ridge has realised this, and we have no fear now of his losing that kindliness without which humour must become extinct.

THE RIVER SYNDICATE, and Other Stories. By C. E. Carryl. Illustrated. (Harper.)

Beside Mr. Carryl's the ordinary detective stories are mere child's play. His are genuine mysteries, puzzles to be solved in the same spirit in which you grapple with mathematical problems, and with the same expenditure of brain force. Most readers, however, will not attempt any solution, but will allow themselves to be led along the labyrinth to the open air by the author's guiding hand. They are not the better stories for their difficulty. But they are above the average in several ways, being neither commonplace nor slipshod.

THE REALIST. By Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. (Lane.)

"The Realist" is an account of an elaborate practical joke. The motive would have furnished material for an excellent short story of thirty pages or so. Mr. Flowerdew has made the artistic, but not unpopular mistake of spinning it out to nearly three hundred and fifty. If you do not examine it too closely much of it will amuse you. Mr. Flowerdew's style is light, and he invents many effective situations. But although we have always heard, and do firmly believe, that the French are a very painstaking race, and grudge no trouble for their science or their art, we think the narrative of M. Auguste Zant's experiments a trifle exaggerated. M. Zant is a novelist, a realist, whose one motive is to study from the life. During a sojourn in England, he half bamboozles a young journalist into thinking him a desperate character, bent on the ruin of his beautiful young lady typist and on the murder of himself. Zant is only artificially producing situations, in order to watch effects, for purposes of copy; and he rewards his victims handsomely for the help they have unwillingly afforded him. But the experiment is so expensive in time, money, and ingenuity that we think so clever a man as the French novelist would have grudged the cost for a mere sham. Indeed, he probably recognised the fact that he had had his labour for nothing, and that you cannot produce a semblance of reality by the most elaborate of artificial experiments, for he made no use of the material he had taken such pains to amass. A sympathetic love-story runs through the book, and Mr. Flowerdew has made the most of a motive hardly substantial enough for his purpose.

THE TOUCHSTONE. By Helen Shipton. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)

The writer has taken trouble over this story. There is a sense of responsibility visible throughout, as well as a knowledge of human nature by no means elementary. The plot is popular enough: the separation of two brothers, who have loved each other with uncommon warmth, by the machinations of a villainess, a cousin of their own, in love with one of them, and made desperate both by love and poverty. All comes right after many complications and misunderstandings, but the development of the plot somehow fails to interest us. The serious-mindedness of the writer and of her creations is just a little too obvious. Her book wants relief to make the good stuff in it effective.

THE FORSAKEN WAY. By Philip Lafargue. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Sometime during the twentieth century all men and women under the doom of constitutional ill-health of mind or body are to take vows of celibacy, and live in beautiful retreats, and make books and pictures and music for the active population without their gates. So thinks Mr. Lafargue. But he practically owns that the directors of the celibataries may make occasional mistakes. His story is founded on one. For the hero Felix, supposed to be under the doom of insanity, is in reality nothing of the kind, though he does seem rather soft in the head. A brief mission into the world ends in his falling desperately in love with an attractive young minx, who appears first in boy's costume. The "doom" notion is happily exploded in his case. But the celibataries survive the shock. Pretty fancies and sentiments and silliness are present in about equal portions in Mr. Lafargue's story.

THE UNDOING OF JOHN BREWSTER. By Mabel Howard. (Longmans.)

It was Carmella that undid him. But if she had not come to disturb his peace and wreck his sanity something else would have done so. Extreme sensibility is always dangerous when it is not balanced by brains. Miss Howard may object to our description of her John, but hers is the responsibility for the introduction and the effect produced. Carmella was aggravating, however. First she wouldn't have him because the Church claimed her. Then she changed her mind, and he was in bliss. But again the Church tempts her, and this time effectually, and he does not see he is well rid of a capricious, sentimental, and mawkish young woman. But really we do not much care for the woes of any of the personages described so minutely and with so little life. Miss Howard has taken a great deal of pains, but has grasped no realities.

THE WHITE DOVE. By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

In this well written book there are two careful and clever studies of reserved men—the reserved man who is cold, and the reserved man who is mellow. The mellow man is he who has once sinned and has a heart full of tenderness and understanding for his fellow-creatures. The cold man has never even stumbled. They are a fine couple, this father and son, Matthew and Sylvester Lanyon, and their sufferings are fairly equal. There is another character, however, even more successful than these, Roderick Usher, the villain (for lack of a better word) of the story. Usher's father is decidedly a greater villain, but of course, being an old man and rather far away, he had not the same value in the heroine's life as his son had. Of Roderick Usher Mr. Locke may well be proud; there is a carefulness yet boldness, truth yet moderation in the characterisation which set the book at once above the average. Roderick Usher is a man about town, a dabbler in art and literature, not for pleasure only, but for a living; he is a "*poseur*, a sham, a creature of imperfect moral sense; gifted, it is true, with certain artistic faculties, wherewith he imposed upon a superficial world and so made his living; but insincere, devoid of real enthusiasms, cynically despising the gospel that he preached." And he aspired to marry Ella Defries, for her money. While pursuing the game for money, however, he finds himself playing it for different reasons, different and better; he gets glimpses, too, of himself as he is, and the sight strikes him as rather hateful. There is not much he stops at, but there is something. To tell the tale here would be to do it a great injustice; we may say, however, that out of somewhat sordid circumstances has been welded a strong, and tender, and beautiful story, with a distinct influence for good.

THE LADY FROM NOWHERE. By Fergus Hume. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

In this book Mr. Fergus Hume has done just what we have grown to expect of him; he has given us a mystery which begins in the first chapter and ends in the last, and that, too, in a way which may prove a surprise to many. An unknown lady, who lodges no longer than six months together in any one place, who brings her own yellow furniture in her own yellow van driven by a red-haired man who is deaf and dumb; the luxurious yellow boudoir; the swift and silent murder, leaving no trace of the murderer, and no clue but a "death-card" in the victim's lap;—with these interesting items the tale begins. A couple of detectives track the matter through various scenes and phases; but it is the author's right to tell the actual story, and we leave it in his hands. "Suffice it to say" that the cover alone provides one genuine shudder.

AN OBSCURE APOSTLE. By Madame Orzeszko. Translated by C. S. de Soissons. 6s. (Greening.)

Eliza Orzeszko has a great reputation in her own country. We do not wonder that this is so after reading her "Obscure Apostle," though whether she should be called "the Polish George Sand" is another matter. This story is not very easy reading. It deals with life in a remote Polish town, and with the sects, the parties, the individuals, the customs, and the aspirations of the Hebrew community there. The matter is very curious and interesting to such as are not repelled by its entire unfamiliarity. The breath of modern life hardly seems to have blown near Szybow. The manners, the aims, the speech are all remote from us. Now their mystic idealism, and now their narrow, obstinate hatred of light, divide us from its men and women. Yet the great winds of the outer world have blown there, too, and brought seed; and the motive of the story is the heroic attempt of Meir, a young Jew, the "obscure apostle," to bring something of sweetness and light to his brethren, to raise them out of the darkness of superstition, out of the mediæval slough. Persecution rained on him. And perhaps worse than persecution to his soul was the disappointment he felt when those who had had chances in the great free world to gather its learning, to reflect its wisdom and joy, proved themselves all unworthy, and only bent on earthly profit. He is excommunicated, but the persecutor-in-chief, for reward, knows that Meir has sown seed—before he goes into an exile of discipleship and of preparation for his later mission—in the minds of his young neighbours that will bear fruit one day. A deeply impressive story it is, and if Madame Orzeszko has written others equally good, we must hope Mr. de Soissons will translate them for us.

THE FAVOR OF PRINCES. By Mark Lee Luther. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is something more than the spelling in the title that stamps this story of French adventure as American. In spite of the abundant fleur-de-lys on the cover, a genuine republican spirit breathes through the tale. Louis XV. is king, and the drama plays at his court or in the near neighbourhood. But the hero and heroine are hearty scorners of the royal person and the perilous royal favour. Rousseau makes his appearance, and already something of his spirit is in the air. "The Favor of Princes" is a good story of a poor and honest nobleman, who comes to court only to despise it. His wife unfortunately is dishonoured by the king's too fervent approval; but her bravery and her husband's boldness, combined with the good services of a Jesuit priest and a French Canadian child of nature, frustrate the designs of the wicked. It is all very spirited and readable; but the first scenes, at the hostelry of the Royal Sword, have no rivals.

THE KING'S DEPUTY. By H. A. Hinkson. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

A too little known period of Irish history is lit up for us in Mr. Hinkson's pages. The period is during the Irish Parliament and before the great outbreak of nationality at the end of last century. Grattan, Curran, Sir John Parnell, and Napper Tandy appear on the scene—the last, alas, not advantageously—but the tone of the story is not aggressively national. Rather, Mr. Hinkson's narrative deals with private affairs of honour and gallantry in and around the court of his Excellency of Rutland. None the less, some life-like pictures of the times pass before our eyes, and some spirited revelations of character stir in us a respect for the study and thought the writer has given to his subject. Mr. Hinkson's story interests us. His hero, Theo-

bald Dillon, is a young fellow worthy of his adventures. But why can we not fall in love with the heroine, the beautiful Beatrix?

PARSON KELLY. By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans and Co.)

Of such collaborators one would expect many things, but above all, a rattling good story told in unimpeachable English. In "Parson Kelly" one gets this, and all the rest of the good things one looks forward to. Of the romances woven round King James, and the ill-fated attempts to place him on the throne, there is no end, but one thing is certain, we could not have spared this, the latest one, with its groups of amazingly fascinating persons, Lady Oxford, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Scrope, Parson Kelly, Nick Wogan, and Colonel Montague—the last three being the pick of them all. One can entirely sympathise with poor, wicked, calculating, but charming "Smilinda" in her temporary infatuations, even while feeling for her the scorn every well-conducted body of course should feel; though it is not the side of them "Smilinda" loved which most wins our hearts from us: it is their thorough manliness and honesty, their good and jovial natures. And "Smilinda," Lady Oxford—well, she was not "a nice body," but she was very beguiling; one ought to feel sad that so many good men fell before her charms; but could they help themselves? Certainly they could not if Mr. Mason and Mr. Lang have not exaggerated her charms. To us the most disappointing and unconvincing figure in the whole story is "Rose." Excepting in the one memorable scene in Lady Oxford's drawing-room, Rose is shadowy and disappointing. One cannot feel Kelly's love for her, in fact one rather wonders how he could love her. No one should fail to read "Parson Kelly," and to read it twice, for on first reading the excitement and breathlessness of it all hurries one on too rapidly to allow one to do more than think of the happenings; it should and will be read a second time for the sake of the language and the phrasing. We sincerely hope these collaborators will collaborate again, and that soon.

CHINATOWN STORIES. By Chester Bailey Fernald. 6s. (Heinemann.)

All the stories in this volume in which the Cat and the Cherub appear—the identical Cat and Cherub of Mr. Fernald's remarkable play, but here acting other parts—are of distinguished excellence. A word and no more as to the others. There is some rough vigour about "A Yarn of the Pea Soup Sea," and much cleverness about "Chan Tow, the Highrob." But the delicacy and beauty which characterises the first portion of the book, with its picture of the life of the young hero, are wanting. Hco Chee is the Prince of Charmers. His age is five; his pigtail five inches long. He is a prisoner in a commodious prison, three rooms of his father's house in Chinatown; with a fascinating view over the main thoroughfare, where he might not venture He had to view life from his flower-pot balcony, for "who would strike most bitterly at Hoo King (his father), would take, not the old man's life, but his son. The parents treasured their offspring because his existence insured the rightful worship at the graves they expected to fill." The narrative relates not only the Infant's observations from the balcony, but his escape, his wonderful adventures in the house of the beautiful Westerner, and among the gods; it tells of his friends, the delectable cat One Two, Yeo Tsing the Evangelist, and the valiant, ingenious, and learned Wing Shee. The fantasy is delightful, and the picturesqueness of the setting finely suggested. But, above all, this running chronicle of days in a queer outlandish child's life is permeated by a rare blend of humour and tenderness. A child's fancy roaming among things beyond its understanding works in a fashion common to black and white and yellow races, and for all the foreign circumstance, Mr. Fernald drives home the meaning to Western readers. In "The Monkey that Never Was," a tragic pathos is reached. Loi Luey the betrayed—because there is no other human ear near her—pours out her dark tale to Hoo Chee, mingling it with a story that might perchance tempt a child to listen. Loi Luey's own sorrows come uppermost, but are thrust down by the boy's clamouring for his part; and her tired desperate invention of an aimless tale of a monkey is the last charity of a life that at least had much gentleness in it. The child, meanwhile, wounded by his disappointment in the Monkey that Never Was, is all unconscious of the near tragedy of the pretty teller of the tale. Mr. Fernald's stories bear re-reading and the closest examination.

THE GUESTS OF MINE HOST. By Marian Bower. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is a tale in praise of a very modest V.C., who was a gentleman through and through. He always did the right and manly thing in the most difficult circumstances, and he is an excellent fellow to keep company with. But his chief merit, so far as this story is concerned, is his staunch belief in the heroine, when she is surrounded by a crowd of idle gossiping tourists in a hotel, and in circumstances which make even her lover doubt her worthiness. The hotel life with its cliques, gossip, malice, and petty scandals, is well described, and the heroine's difficulties have interest enough to tempt a reader to see her well out of them.

TALES FROM SIENKIEWICZ. Translated by S. C. de Soissons. 6s. (G. Allen.)

This time Mr. de Soissons has been well inspired in his selection from the Polish novelist. But again he has made the mistake of writing a rhapsodical preface, and of course he lands himself in this kind of thing:—"Almost every one of his stories awakens—as a stone thrown at a flock of sparrows gathering in winter time round barns—a thousand winged reminiscences"—which is as incorrect in fact as it is in form. But though none of the stories have wakened to us a "thousand winged reminiscences," most of them are excellent, and show Sienkiewicz's two manners—that in which he presents a past civilisation and that in which he paints the society of his own day—to great advantage. "In Bohemia" is so good that it may fearlessly challenge comparison with Murger, and Murger in his own line has never been bettered. And "The Duel," which the editor declares to be essentially autobiographical, gives no less vivid an insight into the life of young nobles in rural Poland.

A KISS FOR A KINGDOM. By Bernard Hamilton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Mr. Bernard Hamilton is a writer in whose sight the ages are as nothing. He roams up and down the centuries impatient of the limitations of Time. In his last book "The Light?" he wrote of "Yesterday" and "To-Day." The hero and heroine were betrothed for some four thousand years. They met in the days of Moses, and the Franco-German War found them, *semper fideles*, philandering on a Rhine steamboat. And now he again takes Father Time by the beard—or rather in this instance, by the forelock—and relates the history of the day after to-morrow. The year 19— found Europe on the verge of war (how our political fictionists have schooled us in the events of that stirring year!) and an American millionaire who had made his "pile" and wanted to round off his success by founding a dynasty, laid violent hands upon the little principality of San Marino perched upon a rock in Eastern Italy. How he took it, held it, lost it, makes the story—a story of stir and excitement and wild extravagance, crowded with unimaginable feats, hairbreadth escapes and blood-curdling adventures, and intensified by a variety of electro-magnetic horrors of mechanism suggested by the latest scientific discoveries. "The Light?" was an experiment. In it Mr. Hamilton tried his hand at all sorts of writing. Apparently he has discovered the fact that vigorous action is his *forte*. And into vigorous action he has forthwith plunged with a vigour and an activity that leave the reader breathless and astounded. There is no question as to his imagination. It requires reining in rather than developing. He reveals, too, a sense of humour sadly lacking in "The Light?" and there is a suggestion of character study in Julius C. Jones. But over the Lady Viola we can only shake our heads. She herself and the circumstances which suggest the somewhat inept title are the book's weakness. Mr. Hamilton has not even a rudimentary understanding of womankind. But in the meantime he has a valuable knack, the knack of getting himself read, and we look forward with interest to his future work, for we feel some confidence that he will yet prove to have not merely a knack but a gift, the gift of being worth reading.

MARGET AT THE MANSE. By Ethel F. Heddle. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

Miss Heddle writes prettily, and there is a gentle pathos in these tales of a Fifeshire fishing village which is very pleasing. But we like her best in her longer tales. The essential femininity of her style has more scope for its natural expansiveness. Unless short stories are vigorous, concentrated, and above all, *short*—the double distilled, quintessence of fiction, where every word implies a paragraph—then they ought to be

devoted simply to the ephemeral purposes of a magazine. There have been many writers of Scottish peasant stories, and among them Miss Heddle holds a high place, but only one whose work will live beyond the next generation. Meanwhile the public has an enormous appetite for novels, which Miss Heddle has already shown that she can gratify, simply, wholesomely, and pleasantly.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY: CRITICAL AND CONSTRUCTIVE. An Exposition and an Estimate. By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., B.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

Mr. Garvie's timely and adequate exposition of the Ritschlian theology had its origin in a course of lectures on the subject which he delivered to the students of Mansfield College during Dr. Fairbairn's absence in India. These lectures were so highly appreciated by their original audience that Mr. Garvie was induced to revise and publish them. In so doing he has conferred a decided benefit on students generally. He modestly disclaims indeed the purpose of instructing such theological scholars as can read German and consult the sources. But Mr. Garvie must know very well that neither Ritschl's German nor Ritschl's theology are of so simple a character as to make it anything but a severe task to master his meaning. In fact, although expositions and criticisms are too rife in our day and often hinder the student from going to the sources, Ritschl's works really need an interpreter unless one is prepared to spend an excessive amount of time on their study. Mr. Garvie, by judicious selection and translation, allows Ritschl and his followers to explain their own position. His criticism is impartial, sympathetic, but discerning. He does not shrink from condemnation where that seems unavoidable, as in Ritschl's attempt to construct a theology without a metaphysics; but he approves wherever approval is possible, and relieves Ritschlian theology of several aspersions which have been in error cast upon it, setting "value-judgments" in a much more favourable light than that in which they are usually viewed, and proving that Ritschl believed in miracles and in the resurrection of our Lord. The use of Mr. Garvie's book is much facilitated by the very full analysis which stands in place of the usual bare table of contents. We congratulate Mr. Garvie on the production of a thoroughly sound piece of work which must have cost him much labour and thought, but which will certainly lighten very materially the toil of future students of Ritschl.

OLD CREEDS AND NEW BELIEFS. By W. H. Gray, D.D., Edinburgh. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

Dr. Gray has treated the modification of old beliefs which has characterised recent years, in a manner likely to prove of service to a numerous class of persons. There are many in our churches who have themselves little leisure for thinking out difficult problems, and who read and hear much that is calculated to unsettle their old convictions. They desire to adhere to the traditional teaching which served their fathers and which has served them, and yet they have an uneasy feeling that they are not justified in this adherence. Dr. Gray timeously and wisely furnishes such persons with a candid and judicious explanation of the actual movement of thought that has taken place in connection with such subjects as Creation, the Person of our Lord, Inspiration, the Future Life. Written not at all for the sake of book making, but with the distinct purpose of furnishing much needed light to a particular class of persons, and written by a sympathetic, well-informed, and wise counsellor, the volume merits a welcome and attentive consideration.

THE NEW EVANGELISM AND OTHER PAPERS. By Henry Drummond. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Although the papers contained in this volume were, with one exception, neither intended for publication nor revised by the author, and although they therefore do not throughout exhibit the extraordinary finish which we are accustomed to connect with the name of Henry Drummond, yet they are as characteristic as anything he published in his lifetime. They have the same freedom of thought and frank criticism of theological idols, the same suggestiveness, the same lucidity of expression and geniality of temper. Perhaps more than any of his previously published work they mark the transition period in which we live, and give expression to thoughts that have been indefinitely haunting many minds. Drummond had the faculty of clearing the air, of saying straight out and pleasantly what other men moodily thought, of laying his finger precisely on the line of cleavage between the old and the new. As a contribution to the history of theology this volume is invaluable. It also shows very markedly how useful are the contributions which science may make to theology. Drummond's treatment of the Last Judgment from the scientific point of view possesses at once the highest qualities of apologetic, dogmatic, and practical thinking on a theological topic. The volume deserves as wide a circulation as anything that has come from his hand.

RUSKIN AND THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY. Translated from the French of R. de la Sizeranne. By the Countess of Galloway. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)

This is a book meant first of all for French readers. French readers who hardly know anything at all of Ruskin, and who judge art from a quite different standpoint, will be none the worse for such an account of him as M. de la Sizeranne presents to them. We ourselves could have done without his book, however, for we have already several good popular expositions of his life and work, and this one is not conceived or carried out in the way to be of any particular use to us. A criticism of Ruskin from a frankly French standpoint, if inspired by real knowledge, would be of the highest interest; but this one is written by a man who has tried to be as English as possible, who has forsworn his own national bent, and has hardly achieved a complete familiarity with ours. The book has the same faults, though it contains fewer blunders than the writer's account of English art. For the most part it is an uncritical eulogy of Ruskin, and Ruskin is too big a man and writer for that to be worthy homage at this time of day. In portions it is a paraphrase of the general scope and aims of his work, not incorrect on the whole, and herein it is useful to that timid band of seekers, who dare not approach a great writer till they have been introduced to him by one of lesser degree. More interesting is his attempt, not all unsuccessful, to defend Ruskin from the reproach of being a mere moralist under the specious guise of a lover of art. So also is his tracing of the heretic *pointillisme* to Ruskin's counsel to painters, "Practise the production of mixed tints by interlaced touches of the pure colours out of which they are formed." But Ruskin has often laid down a bold proposition, and flouted the obvious inference. Those who read him most profitably will find him greatly suggestive but not responsible.

HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

This second volume of Dr. Fitchett's story of the Great War is sub-titled "The Struggle for the Sea," and is a vivid, vigorous, and enthralling history of England's doings by sea and land during one of her most memorable periods. These word-pictures of great events taken singly are sufficiently dramatic and stirring to stand alone; but the volume read from beginning to end is a straightforward, enthusiastic, accurate, and wholesome narrative, from which we in the present may learn much from the past. Dr. Fitchett, speaking of the long duel between Napoleon and England, says: "For scale, for duration, for its dramatic incidents and close, and for its influence on history, that struggle has no parallel since the historic contest betwixt Hannibal and Rome," and as we follow it on through these pages we realise the truth of the words. Famous names are rife throughout the story, Nelson's, of course, being among the chief. Nelson was to teach Bonaparte what sea-power meant, and he did it. "If it had not been for you English," Bonaparte said to Maitland, long after Nelson's guns had thundered at the Nile, "I should have been Emperor of the East. But wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in our way!" Good portraits of most of the heroes mentioned find their place among the pages, several plans are given, and a chronological table; all of which make this a most valuable book for holiday tasks and such purposes But neither boy nor man will, we venture to say, consider the reading of this book a task, rather he will find it a somewhat breathless pleasure.

THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Clement Scott. (Macmillan and Co.)

In spite of its many defects—loose construction, constant repetition, oft told tales—these two volumes possess consider-

able interest for the lover of the stage, if not for the lover of literature. But when will chroniclers of stage history learn that reprinted journalism is not literature, and is not pleasant reading? Unless the writer happens to be a Lamb, Lewes, or Hazlitt? A good index also to such a work is indispensable, and the index to these volumes is not good. Many of the illustrations are excellent.

BY MOOR AND FELL IN WEST YORKSHIRF. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated by George Hering. 6s. (Unwin.)

We hope Mr. Sutcliffe will not resent being told that we like this last book of his better than any of his former ones. We know the worth of these, but in fiction he has still some way to go before attaining to the perfect expression of all he has to say. In this book, a less serious effort, of course, he has attained perfection at once. It is one of the best volumes of local lore prepared for the digestion of the general reader we have ever come across. Its best merit is that it contains substantial matter, not mere fine writing, but hard facts, and what is better, a generous collection of old stories and legends, which are probably not facts at all, but yet are part of the very air and soil of the places. These traditions are dying; some are already but shadows and names. Mr. Sutcliffe has given some brave ones, so many that we foresee an early invasion of Yorkshire by scores of romantic writers of fiction, all bent on digging in so rich a mine. But it wants a native not only to retell them with the right flavour, but to scent their existence, to track them to their lair, which may be the half-sleeping memory of some gruff, reticent, and inarticulate Yorkshireman. Mr. Sutcliffe has the native skill and perseverance necessary, and the sense of romance that makes both the search and the chronicle labours of love. In Mr. Hering his subject has found a quite unusually sympathetic illustrator.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. By Lord Rosebery. (Cassell.)

This is Lord Rosebery's recent contribution to the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, and it was worth while reprinting. A review of "Sir Robert Peel, from his Private Papers," a work in three volumes of which the last has lately appeared, it gives the statesman of to-day an opportunity for a eulogy of the intellect, the motives, and the influence of one of his masters of yesterday. His admiration is warmer perhaps than the majority of readers, who are not politicians, can echo. But for a doughty champion he refines over-much. Of Peel's high-mindedness, his purity in all public affairs, he is absolutely convinced. He is of opinion that Peel's two notorious sudden changes of front, respecting Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws, can be explained without detriment to his honesty. But he holds that he damaged himself and the tone of English politics by not retiring into private life long enough to satisfy the popular mind that he was taking conscientious thought of the matter. We venture to think that if Peel, certain of his own honesty, had done so, his self-consciousness and his pose of martyr to convictions, would not have helped the standard of public morality more than his actual course. Having changed his opinion, or having been brought to see the necessity of the measures, he found himself in front of work to be done. He was the man to do it, he felt; and he did it. To day the work, he said; let his reputation pay the reckoning to-morrow. And his reputation has not suffered in the eyes of common-sensible men. For the rest Lord Rosebery has given a sympathetic review of a remarkably strenuous career, and he has contrived to make some of us feel more assured of the abundant humanity under the hard and rigid mask of the great statesman.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lord Tennyson. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

The drawings in this beautiful book are worthy to rank with Mr. Sullivan's wonderful illustrations for Sartor Resartus. Mr. Sullivan has succeeded in a remarkable manner in catching and transferring to the concrete the fancy pictures inspired by Tennyson's poems. To our thinking the finest illustrations are those which border on the grotesque and caricature—especially the terribly grim pictures for A Vision of Sin and St. Simeon Stylites. The one given herewith by kind permission of the publisher is an excellent specimen of his forceful manner. Altogether this is a book to possess and to treasure, for Mr. Sullivan is an artist of real sympathy and imagination.

"GODIVA."
*From "A Dream of Fair Women."*

THE STORY OF WEST AFRICA. By Mary H. Kingsley. (Story of the Empire.) 1s. 6d. (H. Marshall.)

Miss Kingsley's forcible style should impress her views of West African affairs upon the young folks for whom this series is chiefly intended. She gives the history of the region clearly and knows how to drive the facts home. The book has all the more vigour, and in our opinion all the more value, that it does not strip itself of individuality in an annoying effort to be impartial. Miss Kingsley has very definite opinions, and has

had ample opportunity of forming them. What she says is worthy of consideration. Mr. Chamberlain ought to be, and no doubt is, gratified by her appreciation. He is, we are told, a new type for West Africa. "The statesman up in England who cares," the statesman who of his own initiative has thought it worth while to enter into a real, serious campaign with Britain's greatest enemy in West Africa—death. We heartily recommend the little book to our youthful friends, and have a shrewd suspicion that it will occasionally be lost from the schoolroom to turn up in the library, holding its own among much more imposing volumes.

IN CAP AND BELLS. By Owen Seaman. (Lane.)

There is no falling off in Mr. Seaman's wit and fun. "In Cap and Bells" is, if possible, better than "The Battle of the Bays." First of its merits, there is no overstrain. Next, it recalls us to a mood of charity with sundry poets we had

*From Photo by]* OWEN SEAMAN. *[Bassano.*

priggishly been scorning. We love our Mr. Austin once more, since we have read his revised Jubilee Ode, with the picture of the poet on the receipt of the laureateship.

> Felicitators, bursting through his bowers,
> Came on him hoeing roots. With mild surprise,
> "Leave me alone," he said, "among my flowers,
> To botanise."

We interrupt the setting of the Witenagemote, discussing the commemoration of Alfred's Alfred, with wild cheers. Long have we laboured to solve the puzzles in Mr. Meredith's Odes to France. There is nothing like imitation for bringing light.

> Rooster her sign,
> Rooster her pugnant note, she struts
> Evocative, amazon spurs aprick at heel;
> Nid-ned the authentic stump
> Of the once ensanguined comb vermeil as wine;
> With conspuent doodle-doo
> Hails breach o' the hectic dawn of yon New Year
> Last issue up to date
> Of quiverful Fate
> Evolved spontaneous; hails with tonant trump
> The spiriting prime o' the clashed carillon-peal;
> Ruffling her caudal plumes derisive of scuts;
> Inconscient how she stalks an immarcessibly absurd
> Bird.

Mr. Newbolt and Mr. Conan Doyle have never been so gloriously spirited before Mr. Seaman joined his assonant voice to theirs. Is Mr. Seaman tired of being told he is the Calverly of to-day? We mean well in repeating the same. In a rollicking humour or in the doleful dumps his "Cap and Bells" will have an excellent effect. And by the way, what excellently correct and subtle literary criticism it amounts to!

MY LITERARY LIFE. By Mrs. Lynn Linton. With a Prefatory Note by Miss Beatrice Harraden. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

These are pleasant and pungent characterisations of the literary celebrities with whom Mrs. Lynn Linton in her earlier days was personally associated. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Lewes, and Thornton Hunt are among the number, but the picture of Walter Savage Landor is the one on which most readers will dwell. As a girl she lived with him, was his adopted daughter, knew him in all his moods, and loved him, as she tells us, with her whole heart and soul. Therefore she saw him more truly and judged him more justly than any other could do, reading the inner nature of the man with the clear insight of an intelligent affection. The Thackeray and Dickens and Hunt sketches are appreciative, the Lewes disapproving, the George Eliot unsympathetic. George Eliot's was not a nature to attract other women. It lacked delicacy, softness, and feminine interest in life's minor details. The fact of her having a more wide, commanding, forceful, and self-sufficient intellect than any other Englishwoman that ever lived gave her books their lasting pre-eminence (though fashion has pushed them aside for the moment), but detracted from her charm—at least for her own sex and for many of the other. Evidently Mrs. Lynn Linton did not like her. Her judgment may be the less reliable on that account, but her impression is none the less interesting. It is a relief to hear a frank human opinion instead of the somewhat conventional compliments usual in printed reminiscences. Mrs. Lynn Linton's papers bear the hall mark of sincerity. We have read every word of the little book with the keenest interest and pleasure, and strongly recommend it to all in search of an hour's light and yet informing reading.

THE LEWIS CARROLL PICTURE BOOK. Edited by Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Scrap Book" would have made a more appropriate title. There are scarcely any pictures in the book. It is a collection of hitherto uncollected oddments, chiefly in Lewis Carroll's characteristic style of clever whimsicality and nonsense. The interest of many of them has passed with the occasion that called them forth, but there is still fun to be got out of "The Dynamics of a Particle," "The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford," and most of all, "Photography Extraordinary." The mathematical curiosities are interesting, and there is, in the last chapter, an essay on Eternal Punishment showing the writer in his graver mood. The book is intended as a kind of auxiliary volume to the "Life," published last year, and will interest all to whom Lewis Carroll's whimsical humour appeals.

## THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

DECEMBER 10TH, 1899, TO JANUARY 15TH, 1900.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BIRD, R.—Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth, 6/- ..... Nelson
[*Short word-pictures of Biblical story, instilling simple Christianity into child-minds. The volume is generously illustrated.*]

BLACK, Rev. ARMSTRONG.—The Evening and the Morning, 3/6 Hodder & Stoughton
[*A suggestive and helpful book, full of gentle, yet deep religious feeling, united with freshness of thought and true insight. A book to read many times, and keep beside one.*]

CANDLISH, J. S., D.D.—The Christian Salvation, 7/6.. T. & T. Clark

DOWDEN, Bishop J.—The Workmanship of the Prayer Book, 3/6 Methuen
[*A review of the materials the Reformers of Edward the Sixth's time had before them and of the use to which they put them. Subsequent changes are also discussed, and the book is full of information.*]

ELLIS, J., Collected by.—Tools for the Master's Work, 1/6.. Allenson
[*This little volume is compiled with a view of suggesting thoughts and subjects to ministers, bible-class leaders, lay workers, and others. The work is carefully done, and will certainly prove a mine of wealth to Sunday-school teachers, etc.*]

MACKEY, Rev. H. O.—Points, Parables, and Pictures, 3/6 .. Bowden
[*Another of these full and suggestive books, which have proved so useful by supplying thoughts and subjects to busy preachers, teachers, and speakers.*]

MACMILLAN, Rev. Dr. H.—Gleanings in Holy Fields, 3/6 .. Macmillan
[*Some interesting antiquarian bypaths in Scripture study.*]

MANNING, H. E.—The Teaching of Christ, 6/- Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.
[*A selection of sermons by the late Cardinal Manning. Undoubtedly some of his best utterances on the direct teaching of Christ. Doctrine does not unduly assert itself here; a clear laying down of Christianity being evidently the preacher's aim.*]

MATHEWS, Professor S.—A History of New Testament Times in Palestine, 175 B.C.—70 A.D., 3/6 ..... Macmillan
[*A particularly interesting book, dealing with the history of Palestine from the domination of Alexander to Agrippa II.*]

SHELDON, WALTER L.—An Ethical Sunday-school, 3/- Swan Sonnenschein
[*A sincere attempt to set forth clearly the importance of developing Sunday-school work along ethical lines, and some means of carrying out this idea in a practical and moderate manner.*]

VINCENT, Professor M. R.—A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament, 3/6.....Macmillan
[*A kind of expanded bibliography, showing the student what has been done in criticism, and by whom, and where he may find fuller accounts.*]

## FICTION.

ACKWORTH, J.—Doxie Dent.....Kelly
[*A pleasant story of Methodist life.*]
ADAMS, Mrs. LEITH.—The Prince's Feathers, 6/- ..... Digby
[*A story of Warwickshire in olden times.*]
ALEXANDER, Mrs.—Through Fire to Fortune, 6/- ..... Unwin
Anonymous.—The Strange Adventures of the Rev. William Panton Alleuson
[*A short sketch dealing chiefly with the present controversy in the Church.*]
BIRD, M.—Lao-Ti, the Celestial, 3/6 ..... Hutchinson
BLUEGUM, T.—The Backblocks' Parson ..... Kelly
[*A lively story of Australian bush life.*]
BRADSHAW, Mrs. A. S.—Ashes Tell no Tales, 3/6..... Greening
[*A story of jealousy and estrangement rather mysteriously caused. Things come right in the end, however.*]
CAPES, M. H. M.—A Lucky Sovereign, 9d. .....S.S. Union
[*A pleasant story for young folks, telling how a sovereign was the means of bringing about friendship between cottage and hall.*]
CONNOR, R.—The Sky Pilot, 6/- ..... Hodder
CORNFORD, L. COPE.—Travellers for Ever, 2/-.....Nutt
[*A collection of tasteful "Sketches and Fantasies" which have already delighted many readers in the pages of magazines.*]
CORNISH, J. F.—Sour Grapes, 6/- .....Chatto
[*An interesting story, mainly about wrong-doing and its results, and the repenting. It is, however, by no means a gloomy book, nor lacking in incident.*]
COUTTS, T.—A Comedy of Temptation, 3/6 .....Greening
[*An amusing and nonsensical story by the author of the popular "Pottle Papers."*]
DENISON, FRANK.—Tales of the Strong Room, 2/6 .....Digby
[*A collection of thrilling stories dealing with secret rooms, told by the "Consulting Engineer" who built them.*]
DIX, BEULAH MARIE.—Soldier Rigdale, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*A typical and interesting tale of the days of Miles Standish and the "Mayflower."*]
FERNALD, C. B.—Chinatown Stories, 6/- .....Heinemann
[*See p. 155.*]
FREER, A. GOODRICH.—The Professional.....Hurst & Blackett
[*A number of "psychic" stories, some of which are uncanny enough. They will please those who like the kind of thing.*]
GARLAND, HAMLIN.—Boy Life on the Prairie, 6/- .....Macmillan
[*The author tells us that this book is not autobiographical: it reads, however, as an exciting, real, and intensely interesting first-hand tale, interspersed with pictures and poems, dealing with life on a farm from season to season.*]
GIBSON, C. D.—My Lady and Allan Drake, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*A cleverly conceived story with some rather fresh elements of mystery. A good many shrewd blows are given and taken as it goes on.*]
GINGOLD, H.—The Chillingfield Chronicles, 6/.....Unwin
GOLSWORTHY, A.—A Cry in the Night, 3/6 .....Greening
[*This is a long book, compact of murder and mystery. The reader who follows it all the way through will scarcely be surprised by the confession at the end. But there is plenty of interest and variety.*]
HEDDLE, S. F.—So Shall he Reap, 2/6 .....Bowden
[*Miss Heddle writes very attractively, in a bright and simple style. This story is very pleasing.*]
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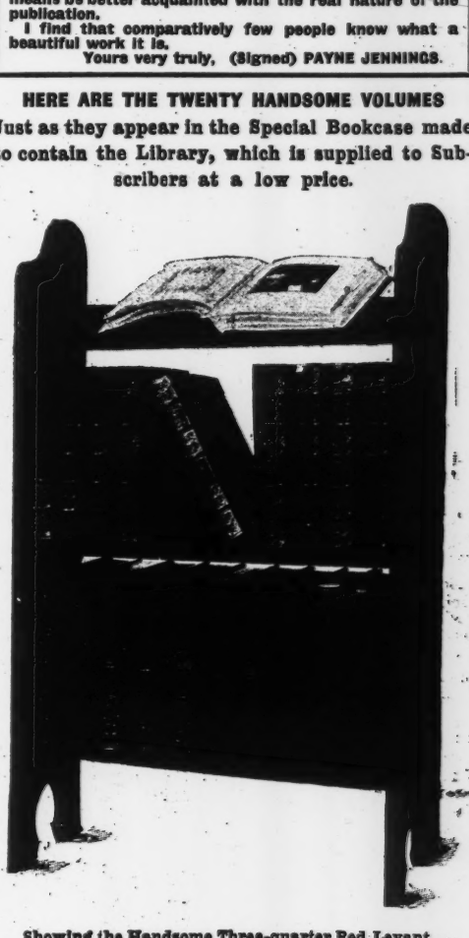

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